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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

May You Like it. By a Country Curate. Vol. II. 12mo. pp. 386. London 1823. T. Boys.

We believe we were the first to hail the appearance of the precursor of the present volume, and it has afforded us pleasure to know that our opinion of its merits has been largely sanctioned by the public. The tales of which both volumes are composed are interesting, beautifully moral, graceful, tender and pathetic. They are not to be read without deeply exciting the feelings, and what is yet more important, without producing a good effect upon the mind. In the author it is impossible not to discover an excellent disposition, a refined taste, and a highly cultivated intellect. He leans to the sadder shades of life, but his pictures, though sombre, are not gloomy; and the tears which they may cause to be shed will be those of "sweet sorrow."

Having said thus much in the general praise and of the general characteristics of the volume, we shall select one from its seven narrations, and endeavour to communicate its most affecting incidents (as an example of the whole) to our readers. It is entitled "*Real Scenes in the life of an Actress*," and is indeed a moving tale.

"We are waiting for you;—every thing is ready," said a merry voice, while a hand knocked loudly against the door of the principal dressing room in the Exeter Theatre. A young woman, who was sitting alone in the apartment, started up: "I will come instantly," she replied; but her heart began to beat violently—she pressed her hands to her bosom, as if to stop its throbbing, and stood awhile irresolute and forgetful. Her dress and hair were slightly disordered:—she could not wait to arrange them as with eager haste she passed on to the stage. The prompter spoke to her, and the next moment she stood before the applauding and crowded audience. It was the benefit of this young actress; and Venice Preserved had been chosen by the Marchioness of R— as the play for that evening. The actress woke from her distracting thoughts—the sound of applause broke upon her ear; and, as she courtesied to the throng, a deep and beautiful blush mounted even to her pallid temples. She began to speak, and every murmur died into stillness. As the sweet tones of her tremulous voice rose into more distinct clearness, Helen forgot her own melancholy; all the soft tumults of a more than anticipated success blended with her deep and tender enthusiasm, and gave a charm like reality to the character she represented: she seemed, indeed, the young and sorrowful creature whom the poet has drawn, confiding, gentle, and loving, among lawless and licentious men; touched to the heart by their cold brutal violence, and yet complaining only with sorrow and surprise at the weakness of her wretched husband; reserving not a thought for her own sufferings, even till the powers of thought were gone, and

life had become a broken and unconscious dream of vanished happiness and woe: Ah, even till that very unconsciousness had acted with resistless force upon her frame, and the broken heart had ceased not only to feel, but to throb. Who gazed upon Helen Gray, and felt not this? Tears and silence were the plaudits she received as the curtain fell.

"The curtain rose again:—a light laugh was heard, and the laugh changed into a wild and sportive song. The timid gracefulness of her manner, and the melting tones of her voice, alone betrayed the same Being who had been so lately in grief and madness. The freshness of health and joy was smiling in her countenance; flowers clung to the careless rings of her hair, and her steps had all the buoyancy of artless mirth. For some time this unceasing gaiety continued; once or twice Helen passed her hand across her brow; it seemed only to toss back the curls which fell in such rich profusion half over her laughing eyes. But, at last, her delightful voice stopped:—she tottered dizzily to the side of the stage;—she extended her hands to cling for support to the scene;—the actors hastened to her assistance—they lifted her from the floor on which she had fallen—the blood was gushing from her mouth—her eyelids were closed—her lovely arms hung down heavy and motionless as they bore her from the stage.

"The performance ceased, and the stage was soon crowded with inquirers as to the state of the poor actress. She was not dead, but her life was declared to be in great danger; and she was carried, still insensible, to her lodging."

Among those who sought to alleviate her sufferings was a Miss Laura Wentworth, who finds her in a wretched lodging, attended by an elder actress, Mrs. Delmour, a fantastic but kind-hearted creature, and a good contrast in the tale. At the first visit little occurred, except a promise to repeat it, when

"Laura ascended to the healthier atmosphere of Helen's light and lofty chamber. The young actress was sitting up in a large chair near the open window, enjoying the sweet freshness of a fine May morning. Laura saw, for the first time, how beautiful Helen Gray still was; her face and form were indeed well suited to represent the loveliest characters of the drama: the former bore a striking resemblance to a portrait which some of my readers may have seen. The picture of Laura Bianca, by Titian; there is an engraving of it which is styled, 'La Maitresse du Titian.' The original I saw at the Louvre; and, till I beheld Helen Gray, I hardly believed there was a human face so lovely. The young actress had the same perfect contour of face and regularity of features, the same large lustrous eyes with their expression of tender earnestness, the same rich hair, simply parting on her forehead, with ripples of gold on its waves of darker auburn; the same small matchless mouth, all glowing with the deepest rose-hues. Helen was very pale;

her figure bore no resemblance to the full and rounded proportions of the lovely portrait; illness had reduced her to a slenderness almost incredible."

At this interview the benevolent lady engages to send medical aid, and an interesting conversation on the subject of Bible comfort thus concludes:

"Helen paused,—she said no more, but seemed to be musing on deep and afflicting thoughts: a silence ensued, and then Laura said, 'Would you like to see a clergyman? I have an excellent friend, who would, I am sure, come to you, at my request.'

"Helen rose up, weak and trembling as she was, from her chair, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, 'You have named almost the first wish of my heart. Will any clergyman come to me?'—'He will come, I may safely promise you he will,' said Laura, gently leading the sick woman back to her chair. 'Nay, I must leave you,' she added, holding up her finger, as if to command obedience, 'if you do not promise me to compose yourself, and to be very prudent and careful.' She was really alarmed at the agitation of joy which Helen discovered, who now sat very quietly, and smiled while she wiped away her tears."

"Laura learnt, from the mistress of the house, that the husband of the sick actress was a profligate unfeeling wretch, who had lived upon the talents of his wife, till her exertions had preyed upon, and at last destroyed her health. Helen had been obliged to leave her comfortable lodgings just as her health failed. She removed to an obscure chamber, and no one went to visit her but the kind-hearted Mrs. Delmour, who had even removed her own little packages to the same house, that she might be near, and attend the young and dying actress."

A clergyman, Mr. Curzon, is now introduced to the fast-fading flower:—

"The following day was, indeed, a time of trial to poor Helen. Mr. Curzon, after having conversed with her, perceived that some untold anxiety constantly weighed upon her mind, and he told her what he thought. She confessed that his conjectures were right, but seemed rather to avoid the subject. He had too little curiosity, and too much delicacy, to ask her to confess any thing to him; but he earnestly intreated her to discover every secret of her heart, in humble prayer, to her Heavenly Father. After he had read to her, and prayed with her, he was about to depart, surprised and delighted with the clear knowledge she possessed of spiritual things; a knowledge that showed that her heart was really touched and affected, and that the book of God was no longer a sealed book to her. He was about to depart, when he heard her soft voice, meekly imploring him to return for a short time. 'God has given me strength to speak to you now,' she said; 'I was too weak in purpose before. There is a secret which lies like lead upon my heart, which must be told before I can die in peace. My

husband, Sir, is not very kind to me; but, although he neglects me, I am sorry to say any thing against him; I am the most improper person to do so: although he does neglect me, he has a high opinion of his wife; he believes that I am virtuous; he has the most perfect confidence in me. I need not tell you more," she continued, hanging down her head, and speaking in a voice half-choked with repressed feeling; "I need not tell you more than this: he has been deceived in me—his seemingly virtuous wife has been false to the vows she plighted to him before God." Helen dropped her head upon her folded arms, and sobbed aloud. When she had recovered herself, she said, "I have told you my guilty secret, Sir; the worst seems over, for I feel strength now to tell my husband. Might I request you to come and pray with me to-morrow evening? By that time I shall have seen my husband; he has promised to come here to-morrow, at three o'clock." Mr. Curzon had been at first inclined to dissuade her from this confession to a brutal and profligate wretch, who had himself violated every duty of a husband. He thought of her declining health, and feared lest the trial should prove too great for her: he said something on the subject, but Helen was determined; she told him that she felt as if power would be given her. He therefore agreed to her request. . . . It was long after three o'clock when the husband appeared. Helen turned very pale, as he carelessly touched her hand. "Who is this with you?" he inquired in a loud whisper, looking round on Mr. Curzon with a bold and scrutinizing glance. The old gentleman instantly replied to his whisper, surveying him with a calm but earnest look; "My name is Curzon, and I am a clergyman. I heard that your wife was a dying woman, and I came to read the Bible to her, and to pray with her." The man grumbled out a few indistinct words, and fixed on his wife a sullen scowl, which seemed to threaten that his displeasure should be more plainly declared at a future time. "Husband," said Helen, quite calmly, in a feeble voice, "I understand you; but allow me to go to my grave in peace: I shall not be long here, and I cannot consent to trifle any longer with my soul. I must think of God; and therefore I do not now fear to speak of Him to you. Husband, husband!" she continued, perceiving that the savage expression of his countenance remained unchanged; "let me be heard for once! You will think of this unkindness when I am dead, and be then sorry. What have we both been without religion?—The man sat down in sullen, careless silence. "Now, I will speak," said she, looking up with her face deadly pale; "Richard,"—the man did not seem to notice her—"in the presence of this gentleman, hear me speak. I have sent for you, to tell you what has been too long concealed! You have thought me a virtuous wife, I know you have; in all your wickedness, you have had a full confidence of my innocence. I confess that I have deceived you, that I am a guilty creature!"—"It is a lie," said the man, indignantly, startled into attention by her words. The blood rushed into his face, and he struck his hand almost furiously on the table; "It is a lie, Helen, and no one shall dare to tell me otherwise." Poor Helen sunk back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, colouring so deeply, that her cheeks and forehead deepened into crimson, when opposed to her pale fingers. "My dear Richard," she continued, in a faltering voice,

leaning forward and looking earnestly in his face; "before God, and as a dying woman, I declare that I am; no, not *am*, I hope I am not now; it was many years ago. I have been . . . Do not ask any particulars; but forgive me before I die."

"The man met the earnest gaze of his wife, it seemed, very sternly at first; he heard every word she uttered, and still sat with his eyes fixed on her, and then on vacancy. Helen moved slowly from her chair; she approached her husband, her knee trembled beneath her, as she placed her hand on his, and said, meekly and entreatingly, "Will you forgive such a creature?" His chest began to heave violently, a storm seemed convulsing his frame, it was the storm of passionate grief; he could not control it; the large tears gushed into his eyes; the bold and profligate sinner wept.

"Helen did not move, her hands were clasped on his knee, her face had fallen on her bosom. They feared that she was insensible: she was any thing but insensible, her whole soul was wrapt in a transport of prayer; her husband lifted her up, and placed her tenderly in her chair. He sat down near her, still weeping, and holding her hand. Oh! how different did she look from a guilty creature! how pure and how touching was the expression of her countenance! the fair lids veiling her soft blue eyes, from which the tears quietly trickled over her pale cheeks; her lips moving in prayer. "My love, my dear injured wife," said her husband—the very man, whose appearance had seemed to declare that he was lost to every sense and feeling; "it is I who should ask forgiveness. If you are a sinner, what, what am I? You have my forgiveness freely. Can you ever forgive me?"—"As I hope God, for Christ's sake, will forgive me," she replied. "I cannot bear it any longer," said the man; "I will come to you again soon, I must go for a short time."—"Richard!" she said. The man stopped: Helen did not speak, but she looked toward the Bible which lay open upon the table. "I know what you would tell me," said he; "that book has taught you to act thus; I can never forget it."—"It is the book of life," exclaimed Helen. The man came back from the door, he placed his hand upon the Bible, and then looked at Mr. Curzon. "Take it, it is yours," said the old clergyman; "and may God's blessing be with it." Richard Gray took up the book—The door closed on him.

Laura is prevented from visiting Helen for a time, after this trying scene: she is then hastily called upon to see her before she dies. . . . As she passed along the streets, the dim soft gloom of twilight made her feel more melancholy, and the freshening breeze, which was felt by others as a delightful change from the heat of the day, made her shiver with cold. She sighed as she met frequent parties of happy persons (they all seemed happy to her) returning from their evening walks in the neighbouring country. Some of them were laughing loudly, others carried in their hands large nosegays, and branches of hawthorn in full blossom, which scented the cool air as they passed along.

"The house in which Helen Gray lodged had never seemed so dismal as on that evening. The shop and staircase felt oppressively hot with confined air. When Laura had reached the chamber of Helen, her melancholy feelings left her, for her whole attention was called to the scene of death before

her, and that was too absorbing to allow any uncertain sorrows to disturb her mind. The dying woman was forbidden to speak, and Mrs. Delmour pointed to a sheet of paper and a pencil which lay beside her.—The darkness of twilight had cleared away into the calm splendour of a bright moonlight night: the moonbeams streamed into the chamber through the open window, and the candle's light looked dim. Helen sat in a large chair before the window: in the full radiance of the moonshine, her face appeared of a deathly paleness, and her white garments glistened with dazzling lustre; she looked like one already dead, and beautiful in death. Laura supposed that she was asleep, and stealing very softly to her side, she sat down in silence. Helen was not asleep—she raised her eyes, and held out her hand to her friend: that hand was icy cold, and moist with the damps of death; but tenderly it returned the pressure of her friend's. The prayer-book, in which Helen had accompanied Mr. Curzon during his performance of the sacrament service, still lay open on the table: she leaned forward, drew the candle nearer, and turning over a few leaves, gave the book to Laura: her finger pointed to the commendatory prayer, for a dying person at the point of departure; and she looked up, with a smile on her face, to Laura, who perfectly understood the wish expressed in her countenance. They knelt down, and Laura then first perceived a person who had been sitting also in silence in a darker corner of the chamber—he was the husband of Helen Gray. They knelt down; Helen endeavoured to rise, but was unable to do so: supported by the nurse, she sat upright in her chair, with her hands clasped together, till Laura had finished praying. Then Helen sunk back again, and remained in silent thought, with her eyes fixed on her kind friend for some minutes; again a smile beamed over her face, her lips unclosed; but she seemed immediately to recollect, that she was forbidden to speak, and quietly extended her hand towards the paper and pencil: she vainly attempted to write, but she could not guide the pencil properly; Laura endeavoured to assist her, but the pencil fell from her fingers, and she said, "I cannot see. Thank God, I have seen you, my dear friend—now the light of the candle looks dim,—now all is darkness: death must be very near me." Her eyelids closed, she fell back, and Laura feared she was dead; but again she raised her hands, and held them out towards the place where her husband had been sitting: he came to her, and throwing himself on the ground before her, pressed them repeatedly to his lips. Just then Laura heard, as Helen drew her breath, a faint rattle mingled with the sound of her breathing: she had seemed for some minutes to breathe with difficulty—Helen sunk down from her chair; they thought that she was falling—she was not falling, she was striving to kneel, and, supported in their arms, she did kneel—she lifted up her open hands, and, with trembling lips, she slowly uttered out the words: "He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." She could not speak afterwards—her head sunk on Laura's shoulder—Laura could feel the breath of the dying woman blowing upon her neck: more and more faintly came that cold damp breath, and with it was heard again the convulsive rattle. Laura could scarcely sustain the weight of the dying woman; a faint and sickening shudder seemed to creep through

her own frame: again the cold breath blew upon her neck, and Laura half shrunk away from it. She struggled with her weakness, and bent down affectionately over the pale face which lay upon her bosom; the tears streamed from her eyes—they dropt upon Helen's face, but Helen knew it not—the heavy head sunk lower and lower on her friend's bosom—Helen Gray was dead."

Need we add even to this imperfect example of the writer's talents any commendation of his work?

Alfred; a Romance in rhyme. By R. Payne Knight. 8vo. pp. 360. London 1823. Longman & Co.

The author of this poem, without dogmatizing on the question between the modern style and that school which immediately preceded it, has attempted to lead us back to the manner of Pope and the era not unjustly called golden in our poetical history. It would require a dissertation somewhat too long for our page to investigate the problem, whether the regular and sustained compositions of the former period, or the wilder flights of the present day, are the most to be valued; perhaps, in the end, we should be forced to acknowledge that both had their defects and beauties, and that if the one was shackled by too much rule, the other not unfrequently mistook licence for liberty and extravagance for genius.*

In the work before us there are none of the latter faults, and we may truly say little of the former objection. The story is interesting in many parts, and though a want of polish is often observable, the whole reads smoothly and pleasantly. Generally more level than vigorous, we frequently find strains of a higher cast; and while dwelling on these are ever and anon reminded of the writers upon whose model Mr. Knight has formed himself, and especially of Pope's Homer. His own portrait is a feeling and agreeable example:

Though more than seventy winters frost hath
Its withering blights upon my hoary head; [shd
Though, slowly lingering through half empty veins,
My heart's cold current scarce its pulse maintain;
Still Memory rouses Fancy's drooping fires;
And transient gleams of youthful glow inspire;
Which mellow'd in the calm of life's decline,
Autumnal twilight's various hues combine,
And still with clear but fading lustre shine.

Though fall'n on evil tongues and evil days,
When noisy nonsense wins both wealth and praise;
And crowds, perplex'd in smoke they take for fire,
What nature most disowns still most admire;
While each dark phantom, sprung from feverish
dreams,

The true sublime of genuine genius seems;
Still Hope smiles gaily on the bold design,
Which Truth and Nature would with Fiction join;
Through Fancy's prism exhibit Reason's light,
And trace each colour in refraction bright
With every shade by adverse passion thrown,
Which Virtue blames, but nature still must own.

To do complete justice to the author, we ought to quote more than our form and measure readily allow; and we must rather be satisfied with a few brief instances, and the grateful acknowledgment of the highly moral tone to which every line is tuned, and every incident and image framed. The reflections at the openings of the various cantos are

* We are indebted to a friend for a good-humoured exposition of this in our present Number. See *Original Correspondence*.

gentle, philosophical and intelligent: they are those of a rational well informed mind, of a man who has seen much of the world, and made a wise use of what he has seen. In the narrative the chivalrous adventures of Alfred are described in an appropriate way; and the whole (though not free from blemishes, and perhaps though not congenial to the reigning taste of the times) has afforded us a gratification beyond what we anticipated. As a specimen of the story we select part of the auto-biography of a hermit, encountered by the virtuous king.

The hermit smote his breast, and deeply sigh'd,
Then wiped the silent tear, and thus replied:—

"Hark, in the yawning caves and gulphs below,
Where 'midst high rocks th' imprison'd waters flow;
The more confined, the closer pent, the more
They rush in eddies, and in torrents roar;
So, to the cell's or convent's shade confined,
More fiercely rage the torrents of the mind:
Desires unsated, passions unsubdued,
In every secret haunt, can still intrude;
The more we circumscribe their weak domain,
With more despotic sway the tyrants reign;
Busy remembrance lends its ready aid,
Nor suffers e'en a trace of pain to fade;
Collects each vice and folly, and to view
Restores it fresh in colours ever new;
Sits, as th' upbraiding demon of the soul,
Records of guilt and misery to unroll;
With stings of conscience arms each buried sin,
And makes of outward stains a hell within.
Nor, thus, in life's last stage of swift decay,
Doth Hope's pale lamp emit one cheering ray;
But as the moth, where flame dispels the night,
Though singed, still flutters round the baleful light,
So round Despair's and Sorrow's forms, the mind,
Though tortured, flutters, keener pangs to find;
Nor looks for aught this wretched wreck to save,
But misery's last receptacle,—the grave.

"Depress'd, disgraced, degraded by the world,
From every social joy and comfort hurl'd;
Betray'd by those whom Nature bids us trust;
Condemn'd by judgments partial and unjust;
I fled the scorn and insult of mankind,
And sought in guilt what virtue fail'd to find;
Then turn'd again, but turn'd, alas! in vain,
Just, or unjust, the imprinted blots remain;
And, e'en thus hid from man's insulting view,
Remorse and Hate, their victim still pursue.
In vain Religion to my fancy opens
Its boundless stores of everlasting hopes;
Dark clouds of busy doubt still intervene,
And dim in distance sinks the flattering scene;
While earthly passions unopposed pursue
Objects distinct, and ever near in view;
Leisure and solitude augment their force,
And reason sheaves, but cannot stop their course.

"In vain, with fervent zeal, we fast and pray,
Watch the long night, or toil the longer day;
For, whether fix'd by Fate's eternal laws,
The effect obey its predisposing cause;
Or ruling Providence o'er all preside,
Direct th' uncertain world, and nature guide!
How small, how worthless in the general plan,
Must seem this vain and busy reptile—man!
How poor his faculties; how short his race!
A speck scarce visible in time or space!
His use and purpose but to sweat and toil,
The hungry tenant of a hungry soil;
Or all his weak malignant power employ,
Reptiles more weak and helpless to destroy!
By turns to do, contrive, and suffer wrong,
The curse of base existence to prolong;
Which all would lengthen, e'en while all complain
That lengthen'd being is but lengthen'd pain;
Our boasted reason serving but to shew,
What it were better none should ever know;

Th' inherent miseries of this wretched state,
Decay's swift progress, and impending fate;
All which, kind Nature from her brutes conceal'd,
And, only with despair, to us reveal'd!

To this favourable sample of the didactic we shall add one of the facetious, which forms the proem to the eighth book:

'Tis said that, ere matured on Mercy's plan,
Grace had redeem'd the forfeit soul of man;
Of his own vices, deities he made,
And spirits foul, beneath their mask, obey'd.

When selfish Passions with each other strove,
'Twas Juno wrangled with her husband Jove;
When subtle Craft enkindled wasteful wars,
'Twas Pallas arm'd her slaughterous brother Mars;
When swinish Luxury wallow'd in its wine,
'Twas Jolly Bacchus claim'd his rite divine;
When lawless Love prepared Seduction's wiles,
'Twas Cupid lurking in his mother's smiles;
And when impure Lust usurp'd his reign,
'Twas prim Priapus with his wanton train.

Then caprine satyrs and lascivious fauns
Danced in the woods, and frolic'd o'er the lawns;
For ever following, with intentions lewd,
The willing nymphs, who fled to be pursued;
While sunk in Superstition's deepest night,
Congenial mortals shared the ungodly rite;
And pamper'd Pleasure, destitute of shame,
Lurk'd under Piety's degraded name.

But, when a purer light to earth was given,
And Virtue shew'd her fairest form from Heaven,
Awed and abash'd awhile they skulk'd away,
Yet near conceal'd in watchful ambush lay;
Till soon ambitious Priestcraft raised its head,
And proudly reign'd in meek Religion's stead;
I'll mired hypocrites, with stiff grimace,
Sought worldly wealth beneath the garb of grace,
Worshipp'd their God but to partake his power,
And loved his church,—but only for her dower.

Then hold again the foot-luxurious crew,
Disguised in various forms, their pranks renew;
His crook a crosier, Bishop Pan adorns
Some pious husband's forehead with his horns;
Phœbus a pulpit of his tripod made,
And preach'd to Bacchus, who the call obey'd;
Became an orthodox and jovial monk,
Though seldom sober, yet discreetly drunk;
Sang masses for an appetite to dine,
And heard confessions, slumbering off his wine.

A quack and mendicant his offspring prow'd,
Cured all infirmities, all griefs consoled;
Where'er he came, domestic peace ensued,
Joy gambol'd round him, hush'd was every feud;
While each fond wife of burgher, knight, or squire,
With smiles of welcome greets the jolly friar;
And pleased, each husband hails the godly guest,
Whose presence brings his wearied spirits rest.

A spruce court chaplain then, demure and aly,
Became Jove's errand-bearer, Mercury;
In graver garb thus exercised his trade,
But no less prompt his patron's will obey'd;
Polite and supple ever, and so civil,
He would not willingly offend the devil;
In love and casuistry alike expert,
In this ingenious, and in that alert;
His tongue could equally the object win,
And varnish o'er, or justify the sin;
And, lest his friend should be to merit blind,
He always first-fruits took, and tithes in kind.

The naked nymphs assumed the virgin's stole,
And learn'd grave airs, and looks of self control;
The fauns and satyrs, deck'd in hoods and gowns,
Conceal'd their pointed ears, and shaved their brows;
Devout, a mired-abbot reel'd Sileus, [crown'd;
And grave, an abbess veil'd, grew laughing Venus;
Lascivious Cupids, too, became lay-brothers,
And made young vestal Graces graceless mothers.

From these, our readers may form an estimate of Alfred; and we are not disposed to

abate its character by bringing forward any list of minor blots. Why Mr. Knight writes "disdain," and why he is so fond of "turbid" and other pet phrases, it is hardly worth while to inquire; and we will only rivet the nail of critical censure by adding a quotation in which we think the familiar and careless predominate far too much for praise.

From where the Clyde, between high rocky
In thundering cataracts descending roars, [shores,
A chief, too, came, in confidence secure
His lance the prize predestined would ensure.
A Highland seer, for second sight renown'd,
Had seen him by a royal Saxon crown'd;
And, though the seer before had often fail'd,
Faith over facts triumphant had prevail'd;
Nor would he now, when tumbled on the plain,
Confess the dreamer's flattering vision vain;
For still, as knaves find profit in deceiving,
Deluded fools find pleasure in believing;
And doubtful 'tis which gains contentment greater,
The fool or knave, the cheated or the cheater.

Recollections of the Peninsula. By the Author of *Sketches in India*. 8vo. pp. 262. London 1823. Longman & Co.

THE author of this book, an officer attached to the victorious force of the illustrious Wellington in Spain, has contrived, amid the vicissitudes of a military life, to collect materials, or rather to store observations, for a very pleasing, picturesque, and entertaining view of the Peninsula at a period the most interesting in its history. Led by habit and frequent disappointments to expect little from such a quarter, except tales in the *King Cambray*es vein, or in the manner of *Othello*, about "Antres vast and deserts idle—moving accidents by flood and field," &c. these *Recollections* came upon us with a double charm; and though our readers may be deprived by our exordium of that advantage, we still hope that our extracts will suffice to produce the same effect upon them which the entire volume did upon us.

The writer's acquaintance with his subject was acquired during five years' residence, from the year 1809; and, to commence with the commencement, we shall copy his account of his first billet in Portugal, (at Santarem:)

"The regiment was quartered for the night in a convent, and I received a billet on a private house. At the door of it I was met by the owner, a gentleman-like looking well-dressed man, of about sixty, and of a very mild, pleasing address: he led the way to a neat apartment, and a pretty bedchamber. I was covered with dust and dirt, and declined them as too good; but how was my confusion increased, when my host himself brought me water in a silver basin to wash, while his good lady presented me with chocolate, bearing it herself on a salver. I feared that they had mistaken my rank from my two epaulettes, and I explained to them that I was a simple Lieutenant. No; they well knew my rank, but did not pay me the less attention: they perfumed my chamber with rose-water, took off my knapsack with their own hands, and then left me to refresh myself by washing and dressing, and to recover from the pleasing astonishment into which their cordial and polite reception had thrown me. In the evening my party dined here; and the worthy host presented us with some magnums of fine old wine, and the choicest fruit. We made scruples; he over-ruled them with true and unassorted hospitality, and we, in return, pressed on his acceptance six bottles of ex-

cellent Santarne, the remains of our small stock of French wine.

"Such was my treatment in the first billet I ever entered in Portugal, and such, with very few exceptions, was the character of the reception given by Portuguese of all classes, according to their means, at the commencement of the peninsula struggle to the British army: rich and poor, the clergy and laity, the *idalgo* and the peasant, all expressed an eagerness to serve, and a readiness to honour us. In these early marches, the villa, the monastery, and the cottage were thrown open at the approach of our troops; the best apartments, the neatest cells, the humble but only beds, were all resigned to the march-worn officers and men, with undisguised cheerfulness. It is with pain I am compelled to confess, that the manners of my strange, but well-meaning, countrymen soon wrought a change in the kind dispositions of this people."

This quotation may appropriately be followed by a more striking picture of a bivouack:

"It is a pleasing sight to see a column arrive at its halting ground. The camp is generally marked out, if circumstances allow of it, on the edge of some wood, and near a river or stream. The troops are halted in open columns, arms piled, picquets and guards paraded and posted, and, in two minutes, all appear at home. Some fetch large stones to form fire-places; others hurry off with canteens and kettles for water, while the wood resounds with the blows of the bill-hook. Dispersed, under the more distant trees, you see the officers; some dressing, some arranging a few boughs to shelter them by night; others kindling their own fires; while the most active are seen returning from the village laden with bread, or, from some flock of goats feeding near us, with a supply of new milk. How often, under some spreading cork-tree, which offered shade, shelter, and fuel, have I taken up my lodging for the night; and here, or by some gurgling stream, my bosom fanned by whatever air was stirring, made my careless toilet, and sat down with men I both liked and esteemed, to a coarse but wholesome meal, seasoned by hunger and by cheerfulness. The rude simplicity of this life I found most pleasing. An enthusiastic admirer of nature, I was glad to move and dwell amid her grandest scenes, remote from cities, and unconnected with what is called society. Her mountains, her forests, and, sometimes, her bare and bladeless plains, yielded me a passing home: her rivers, streams, and springs, cooled my brow and allayed my thirst. The inconvenience of one camp taught me to enjoy the next; and I learned (a strange lesson for the thoughtless) that wood and water, shade and grass, were luxuries. I saw the sun set every evening: I saw him rise again each morning in all his majesty, and I felt that my very existence was a blessing. Strange, indeed, to observe how soon men, delicately brought up, can inure themselves to any thing. Wrapt in a blanket, or a cloak, the head reclining on a stone or a knapsack, covered by the dews of night, or drenched perhaps by the thunder-shower, sleeps many a youth, to whom the carpeted chamber, the curtained couch, and the bed of down, have been from infancy familiar."

We like these descriptions, for they place distinctly and vividly before our eyes the images of things to which, though often presented to the imagination, we rarely attach

individuality: by simply telling us a few particulars, the author enables us to see, as it were, a whole regiment take up its quarters in a town, or encamp on the open field. The latter picture is added to in another part:

"A bivouack in heavy weather does not, I allow, present a very comfortable appearance. The officers sit shivering in their wet tents, idle and angry till dinner-time, after which they generally contrive to kill the evening with mulled wine, round a camp-kettle lid filled with hot wood-ashes by way of a fire. The men, with their forage caps drawn over their ears, huddle together under banks or walls, or crowd round cheerless, smoky fires, cursing their commissaries, the rain, and the French."

Another view of a soldier's life occurs upon a march, while almost alone, going to sick quarters:

"At the distance of two leagues from Estremoz, the sun set with the most threatening appearances. A sky heavily overcast; a breathless, yet speaking stillness around us; far off, amid the southern hills, a low muttering sound, that faintly reached us; all foretold a violent autumnal storm. Being both invalids, we felt not a little anxious about shelter, and spurred forward; but strength was denied me, and I fell on the neck of my horse, nearly fainting: the colonel would not leave me, and bidding me recline on my saddle, made his groom lead my animal by the bridle. Here you may frequently travel from one town to another without passing a village, a country-house, a cottage, or indeed a human being. No clean ale-house, as in England; no rustic albergo, as in France, invites you to refreshment and repose. If you are benighted, and the weather be fine, you must betake yourself to the first tree; if it be stormy, and you have no baggage, or conveniences for encamping, you must wander on. Luckily, however, for us, we espied a light at some distance from the road, and made towards it. It proceeded from a solitary cottage; and a woman, who answered to our knocks, expressed her willingness to receive us. Wretched as was her appearance, I never saw more cordial, more fearless hospitality: she heaped up her little fire, killed and stewed for us two out of the few chickens she had, spread for us two straw mattresses near the hearth, and regarded us the while with looks of the most benevolent pleasure. Seated on a rude bench of cork, near this cottage fire, I thankfully partook of the repast she prepared; and while the thunder burst in peals the most loud and awful over our heads, and the pouring rain beat rudely on her humble dwelling, with a heartfelt sensation of gratitude I composed myself to rest.

"Comfort is ever comparative; and, after all, if his wishes be moderate, how little does man require. Sick, hungry, and exhausted, I wanted shelter, food, and repose: I enjoyed all these blessings; the storm raged without, but not a raindrop fell on me. I never ate with a keener relish, I never passed a night in more sweet or refreshing slumbers. Yet where, let me ask, was the hotel in England which, in the caprice of sickness, would have satisfied all my wants and wishes? When we rose with the morning to depart, our good hostess was resolute in refusing any remuneration; though the wretched appearance of her hovel, and the rags on her children, bespoke the extreme of poverty. 'No,' said she; 'the saints guided you to my threshold,

and I thank them. My husband, too, was journeying yesterday, perhaps last night, amid that thunder-storm; he also knocked at some Christian's door, and found shelter."

But all the foregoing yield to the first encounter:

"Two hours before break of day, the line was under arms; but the two hours glided by rapidly and silently. At last, just as the day dawned, a few distant shots were heard on our left, and were soon followed by the discharge of cannon, and the quick, heavy, and continued roll of musquetry. We received orders to move, and support the troops attacked: the whole of Hill's corps, amounting to fourteen thousand men, was thrown into open column, and moved to its left in steady double quick, and in the highest order.

"When within about a furlong of one of the points of attack, from which the enemy was just then driven by the seventy-fourth regiment, I cast my eye back to see if I could discover the rear of our divisions: eleven thousand men were following; all in sight, all in open column, all rapidly advancing in double quick time. No one, but a soldier, can picture to himself such a sight; and it is, even for him, a rare and a grand one. It certainly must have had a very strong effect on such of the enemy as, from the summit of the ridge, which they had most intrepidly ascended, beheld it, and who, ignorant of Hill's presence, thought they had been attacking the extreme of the British right. We were halted exactly in rear of that spot, from which the seventy-fourth regiment, having just repulsed a column, was retiring in line, with the most beautiful regularity, its colours all torn with shot. Here a few shells flew harmlessly over our line, but we had not the honour of being engaged. The first wounded man I ever beheld in the field was carried past me, at this moment: he was a fine young Englishman, in the Portuguese service, and lay helplessly in a blanket, with both his legs shattered by cannon-shot. He looked pale, and big drops of perspiration stood on his manly forehead; but he spoke not—his agony appeared unutterable. I secretly wished him death; a mercy, I believe, that was not very long withheld. About this time, Lord Wellington, with a numerous staff, galloped up, and delivered his orders to General Hill, immediately in front of our corps; I therefore distinctly overheard him. 'If they attempt this point again, Hill, you will give them a volley, and charge bayonets; but don't let your people follow them too far down the hill. I was particularly struck with the style of this order, so decided, so manly, and breathing no doubt as to the repulse of any attack; it confirmed confidence. Lord Wellington's simplicity of manner in the delivery of orders, and in command, is quite that of an able man. He has nothing of the truncheon about him; nothing full-mouthed, important, or fussy: his orders, on the field, are all short, quick, clear, and to the purpose. The French, however, never moved us throughout the day: their two desperate assaults had been successfully repelled, and their loss, as compared to ours, exceedingly severe. From the ridge, in front of our present ground, we could see them far better than the evening before; arms, appointments, uniforms, were all distinguishable. They occupied themselves in removing their wounded from the foot of our position; but as none of their troops broke up, it was generally concluded that they would renew their attacks on the

morning. In the course of the day, our men went down to a small brook, which flowed between the opposing armies, for water; and French and English soldiers might be seen drinking out of the same narrow stream, and even leaning over to shake hands with each other. One private, of my own regiment, actually exchanged forage-caps with a soldier of the enemy, as a token of regard and good-will. Such courtesies, if they do not disguise, at least soften the horrid features of war; and it is thus we learn to reconcile our minds to scenes of blood and carnage. Towards sun-set, our picquets were sent down the hill, and I plainly saw them posted among the corpses of those who had fallen in the morning. Nothing, however, immediately near us, presented the idea of recent slaughter; for the loss, on our side, was so partial, and considering the extent of our line, so trifling, that there was little, if any, vestige of it: not so the enemy's; but as they suffered principally on their retreat down the hill, their slain lay towards the bottom of it; from whence, indeed, they had been removing their wounded.

"The view of the enemy's camp by night far exceeded, in grandeur, its imposing aspect by day. Innumerable and brilliant fires illuminated all the country spread below us: while they yet flamed brightly, the shadowy figures of men and horses, and the glittering piles of arms, were all visible. Here and there, indeed, the view was interrupted by a few dark patches of black fir, which, by a gloomy contrast, heightened the effect of the picture; but, long after the flames expired, the red embers still emitted the most rich and glowing rays, and seemed, like stars, to gem the dark bosom of the earth, conveying the sublime ideas of a firmament spread beneath our feet. It was long before I could tear myself from the contemplation of this scene. Earnestly did I gaze on it; deeply did it impress me; and my professional life may never, perhaps, again present to me any military spectacle more truly magnificent. Every one was fully persuaded that the morning would bring with it a general and bloody engagement."

Again—"The battle-array of a large army is a most noble and imposing sight. To see the hostile lines and columns formed, and prepared for action; to observe their generals and mounted officers riding smartly from point to point, and to mark every now and then, one of their guns opening on your own staff, reconnoitering them, is a scene very animating, and a fine prelude to a general engagement. On your own side, too, the hammering of flints and loosening of cartridges; the rattle of guns and tumbrils, as they come careering up to take their appointed stations; and the swift galloping of aid-de-camps in every direction, here bringing reports to their generals, there conveying orders to the attacking columns, all speak of peril and death, but also of anticipated victory; and so cheerfully, that a sensation of proud hope swells the bosom, which is equal, if not superior, to the feeling of exultation in the secure moment of pursuit and triumph."

Sometimes a small river only divided the opposed armies, and the outposts chatted familiarly across the brook.

"Walking by the river side, we observed several French officers. They saluted us, with a 'Bon jour, Messieurs;' and we soon fell into conversation. They were exceedingly courteous. . . . They asked after Lord

Wellington; praising him greatly for his conduct of the campaign. They next enquired, if our king was not dead; and on our replying that he was not, one of them repeated, 'Le général dit, que tout le monde aime votre Roi George, qu'il a été bon père de famille, et bon père de son peuple.' . . . A great deal of good humour prevailed; we quizzed each other freely. . . . They had a theatre; and asked us to come over, and witness the performance of that evening, which would be, 'L'Entrée des François dans Lisbon.' A friend of mine most readily replied, that he recommended to them 'La répétition d'une nouvelle pièce, 'La Fuite des François.' They burst into a loud, loud, and general laugh:—the joke was too good, too home. Their general, however, did not think it wise to remain longer; but he pulled off his hat, and wishing us good day with perfect good humour, went up the hill, and the group immediately dispersed."

Of Vittoria we have not only an excellent general account, but some very affecting details:

"A paymaster of a regiment of British Infantry, had two sons, lieutenants in the corps in which he served; he was a widower, and had no relations besides these youths; they lived in his tent, were his pride and delight. The civil staff of a regiment usually remain with the baggage when the troops engage, and join them with it afterwards. In the evening, when this paymaster came up, an officer met him. 'My boys,' said the old man, 'how are they? Have they done their duty?'—'They have behaved most nobly; but you have lost'—'Which of them?'—'Alas! both; they are numbered with the dead.'—A friend of mine, belonging to another corps, lay wounded in Vittoria. I heard of it, and hastened to his billet. I found him reclining on a sofa, and looking, as I thought, remarkably well. He received me cordially and cheerfully. 'I rejoice,' said I, 'to see you smiling; your injury is of course slight.'—'You are mistaken; my wound is mortal, and my hours, I believe, are almost numbered. I shall never leave this room but as a corpse; but these are events which should never take a soldier by surprise.' . . . He died in two days. . . . Returning from his funeral, I met a sergeant of my regiment, who had come with an escort from the division. 'How are they all, sergeant?' said I, 'We have lost Mr. ———.' 'How? in an affair?'—'No; we had a dreadful storm among the mountains, and in one of the narrowest passes, himself and his horse were struck by lightning, and killed on the spot.' This too was a noble-minded zealous officer, one who had braved many a scene of peril, and whose ambition it had ever been to perish in the field. You grow familiar on service with death and sorrow; you do not weep—but if he have an eye to observe, and a heart to feel, few men see or suffer more than a soldier."

We shall conclude our review by noticing that the author was taken prisoner, and giving from his sketches a striking one of an Airagoneze Guerrilla:

"He was wounded in the leg, and of course for a time incapable of service. The circumstances of his situation, the fate of his family, and his language, will explain the nature both of the formation and feelings of many of these Guerrilla corps, better perhaps than a far longer and more detailed account of them. I asked him where he lived,

and under whom he served. 'Senhor,' said he, 'I have no home, no relations, nothing save my country and my sword. My father was led out, and shot in the market-place of my native village; our cottage was burned; my mother died of grief; and my wife, who had been violated by the enemy, fled to me, then a volunteer with Palafox, and died in my arms, in a hospital in Saragossa. I serve under no particular chief. I am too miserable; I feel too revengeful to support the restraint of discipline and the delay of manœuvre. I go on any enterprise I hear of: if I am poor, on foot; if chance or plunder has made me rich, on horseback; I follow the boldest leader; but I have sworn never to dress a vice or plough a field till the enemy is driven out of Spain.' Such was the desperate, the undying hatred to the French which many of these Guerrillas cherished—a hatred which often had its source in wrongs and losses like those I have related."

Upon the whole we have merely to repeat our praises of this volume, as of one gratifying interest and agreeable reading.

HERALDIC ANOMALIES. (2 vols.—*Leu Notices*.)

THERE is an Essay upon the word "Clergy" of a grave cast, and indeed a bold vindication of that learned body from the charges by which it is in our time so constantly assailed. The paper on the "Universities" is one of the most characteristic in these volumes, and will be read with satisfaction by the members of those schools as well as by the less formally instructed.

There is great confusion of titles in our English Universities, though Cambridge is certainly much more simple than Oxford (I beg pardon, I mean only respecting titles.) At Cambridge, every head of a College, except those of King's and Queen's, is a Master; and this is well, for Kings and Queens of course can have no Masters. But at Oxford there are, Deans (or at least one), Presidents, Provosts, Wardens, Rectors, Masters, and Principals.

As, I believe, they take place in the University and amongst themselves according to the date of their degrees or appointments, there is not much hazard of confusion; but it must be difficult, I should think (to speak academically,) for Freshmen, Lions, Tigers, and other such strangers, to know or to recollect distinctly, which is a President, which a Rector, which a Principal, &c. and yet to a truly Oxford ear, it would, I doubt not, sound as strange to say the Provost of St. John's the Rector of Worcester, the Master of All Souls, or the Warden of Christ Church, as to say, the Lord Mayor of Brentford, the Archbishop of Hammer-smith, or the Dean of Turnham Green.

There is a ludicrous instance of misnomer upon record in one of the colleges at Oxford, whose head is a Warden. In remote times, when the public roads were bad, and travelling equipages not often seen, it happened that in a College progress, as it is called, when the foundation members go in form to inspect their estates, a heavy coach and four with various strange looking outriders, was

* Yet sprinkled with the writer's usual whim—ex gr. "A Mayor of a certain Corporation, who presiding at a great dinner, when the cloth was removed, looked all down the table for a Clergyman to say Grace, but observing none there, gravely got up and said, There is not one Clergyman present—Thank God!"

seen at noon day, entering the streets of London; the people that were passing, anxious to know what such a retinue could mean, enquired of one of the College servants, who it might be that was travelling in such array. The servant forgetting how far he was from the walls of the University, replied with proper academical respect, the Warden and Fellows. The London pedestrians, knowing nothing of such titles, understood him to say, the Warden and Felons; and as there can be no greater sight to a London mob, than a parcel of atrocious culprits fettered and hand-cuffed, and in bondage of a jailor, a crowd was soon collected around the travellers, and great was the astonishment expressed, when they saw them take another road than that which led directly to Newgate!

It is a strange name that they give at Oxford to the Hebdomadal Assembly of the Heads of Houses; and yet there is some wit in it. It is called forsooth *Golgotha*, that is to say, the place of Skulls. Cambridge however has something like it, and in a more legalised form, in their *Caput*. Which one *Caput* or Head however, must, one would hope, be pretty full of brains, consisting as it does, of the Vice-Chancellor, a Doctor in each faculty, and two Masters of Arts. I have heard indeed of a facetious gentleman, who pretended to be surprised to learn what a collection of brains went to form one Cambridge *Caput*.

I confess whenever I have been at Oxford, I have felt much more polite amongst the Mr. Presidents, and Mr. Wardens, and Mr. Provosts, than at Cambridge, where Mr. Master is such a tautology, as to be absurd. There seems to be something too familiar, if not absolutely rude, in Master alone.—How d'y'e do, Master? I am glad to see you, Master; What news, Master? seems by no means so polite, as How d'y'e do, Mr. President? I am glad to see you, Mr. Warden; &c. &c.

Master of Arts sounds odd. Master of Sciences would surely have been better—people may be disposed to ask of what arts are they such great masters? for there are many;—and Lucian we know has been at the pains to prove that none is so excellent as *Parasitism*. I am quite aware that the liberal arts are meant, but it would have cost Lucian but little trouble to have gone farther with his proofs, and to have shewn that no art could well be more liberal than that of eating freely at other men's tables. To the credit of the present times I must say, Parasitism seems to be nearly at an end. Either there are fewer wheedlers, or fewer persons capable of being wheedled out of a dinner; or more dinners to be had without wheedling. However it is surely a great comfort to know that the most simple, sincere, and ingenuous of our young men may gradually become perfect Masters of Arts by going to either of our Universities.

But if the title of Master of Arts sounds at all strange, what shall we say to that of Bachelor. How odd and alarming must it appear to the ladies of the land, to see young men just growing up to man's estate labouring hard to become Bachelors; nay, 'determined Bachelors,' for this is another of their titles. I would give the ladies comfort if I could, by explaining to them the true meaning of this singular academical term; but I am not sure that I might not make things worse, for in reality, these English Bachelors are but Latin *Disputants*; *Baccalaurei* vel *Batalarii*, per-

sons who have disputed successfully in the schools. 'Qui jam sanel praelio batula interfuerunt,'—ant, 'qui publice de arte quipiam disputassent;' what will the ladies say to this; I fear they will decide that such professed disputants, ('de arte quipiam! heavens and earth!) had better continue determined Bachelors.

There is in both our Universities a sad mixture of Latin, Greek, and English terms admitted. What can be worse than the distinction at Cambridge amongst the Bachelors of Divinity, of FOUR-AND-TWENTY-MEN, or TEN-VEAR-MEN? The Oxford 'Disputants,' of whom I have just spoken, would it seems, at Cambridge be accounted absolute 'Wranglers,' that is, according to our English Dictionaries, *arrant scolds*! Such scolds indeed, that public Moderators are judged necessary to interpose their authority. *Sophs* and *Optimes*, seem to be neither good Greek, good Latin, or good English terms.

What would strangers make of the Cambridge Combination papers, containing lists of certain Bachelors of Divinity and Masters of Arts in every College, and regularly signed by the Vice-Chancellor? If they turn to the English Dictionary, they will find combination to signify 'the entering of several persons into a conspiracy to put in practice some unlawful design;' while the Cambridge combination is in fact only the entering of several names of persons upon a list, to preach the University Sermons at St. Mary's; it is almost necessary, for fear of mistakes, that the difference should be pointed out, and I shall hope to receive the thanks of all present and future Bachelors of Divinity and Masters of Arts, in Cambridge, for thus explaining their term, according to its exact bearings. The term Combination in *Arithmetic*, as explained in the Dictionary, might mislead people as much as the term in law; for as the Combination papers, according to the latter, might convey to strangers the idea of a parcel of Conspirators in the persons registered, the office to which they are called of preaching before the University, would be oddly represented, by the following definition of *Arithmetical Combination*; viz. 'An art of finding how many different ways a certain given number of things (it is really things, not texts) may be varied, or taken by one and one, two and two, &c. &c.'

But we must now draw our notice to a close, which we will do with three short extracts: the first two come under the head of "Wigs."

"Had I been more attentive to order, I ought certainly not to have written so much about periwigs, without giving the derivation of the term, which is as follows;—as far as regards the French term *Peruque* at least, being literally transcribed from that eminent critic *Ménage*—the Latin *Pilus* (hair) being the root. *Pilus*, *pilus*, *pelticus*, *pelticus*, *peraticus*, *peraticus*, *peruque*, *peruque*, *peruque*, *peruque*!"

"Peter the First introduced wigs into Russia, and from the picture of him, in the gallery at Oxford, to name no others, he seems to have worn a neat little white bob-wig, exactly like the wig of our state-coachman (his Majesty's and others.) When he took to a wig himself, I do not know; but till he did so, I do know, that he used to take other people's wigs, as the following story will shew. Being at Dantzic in the year 1716, he had occasion to attend the great Church there, on some grand and solemn occasion,

and was placed by the Burgomaster in his own seat, which was a little raised above the others, the Burgomaster himself occupying a place below. While all the eyes of the congregation were fixed on the Emperor, and he apparently listening to the sermon, his head growing cold, he stretched out his hand, and very deliberately taking the Burgomaster's wig from his head, put it upon his own—nor did he attempt to return it till the service was over. The attendants of the Czar afterwards explained to the city deputation, that the Emperor being short of hair, was accustomed at home, frequently, in such manner to borrow the wig of Prince Menzicoff, or of any other Nobleman, who might at the time happen to be within his reach. So much for Russian manners at the beginning of the last century; had the Imperial Autocrat chosen to take the head of any of his subjects, as well as the wig, or instead of it, it was probably quite as much at his disposal."

Our last anecdote is among several on the subject of "precedence," and is told of a certain lady:

"A batch of new Peers having just been made, the lady was not sure whether she was in the habit of visiting (that is exchanging cards) with one of the new Peeresses; and she referred to the footman in waiting, who was accustomed to deliver such cards. 'Do I visit Lady H.?' was the question, to which the servant properly enough replied, 'your Grace has not visited her since the Creation.'"

We now take our leave of an author who has afforded as much entertainment, though not avowed to waste a good deal of his tediousness upon us. His publication will notwithstanding be gratefully received as contributing considerable stores to the stock of harmless and rational amusement.

MEMOIRS OF GENERAL RAPP.

HAVING last week introduced the General to our readers, we think they will have had sufficient intercourse with him by the end of this paper to admit of his making his bow.

The following account of the battle of Borodino is extremely characteristic:

"Night came on. I was in attendance; I slept in Napoleon's tent. The part where he slept was generally separated by a partition of cloth from that which was reserved for the aide-de-camp in attendance. The Emperor slept very little: I waked him several times to give him in reports and accounts from the advanced posts, which all proved to him that the Russians expected to be attacked. At three in the morning he called a valet de chambre, and made him bring some punch; I had the honour of taking some with him. He asked me if I had slept well; I answered, that the nights were already cold, that I had often been awaked. He said, 'We shall have an affair to-day with this famous Kutusov. You recollect, no doubt, that it was he who commanded at Braumau, in the campaign of Ansterlitz. He remained three weeks in that place, without leaving his chamber once. He did not even get on horseback to see the fortifications.' General Benigsen, though as old, is a more vigorous fellow than he. I do not know why Alexander has not sent this Hanoverian to replace Barclay.' He took a glass of punch, read some reports, and added, 'Well, Rapp, do you think that we shall manage our concerns properly to-day?'—'There is not the least doubt of it, Sir; we have exhausted all our resources, we are obliged to

conquer.' Napoleon continued his discourse, and replied: 'Fortune is a liberal mistress; I have often said so, and begin to experience it.'—'Your Majesty recollects that you did me the honour to tell me at Smolensko, that the glass was full, that it must be drunk off.'—'It is at present the case more than ever: there is no time to lose. The army moreover knows its situation: it knows that it can only find provisions at Moscow, and that it has not more than thirty leagues to go. This poor army is much reduced, but what remains of it is good; my guard besides is untouched.' He sent for Prince Berthier, and transacted business till half-past five. We mounted on horseback: the trumpets sounded, the drums were beaten; and as soon as the troops knew it, there was nothing but acclamations. 'It is the enthusiasm of Ansterlitz. Let the proclamation be read.'

"Soldiers! 'This is the battle that you have so long wished for! Henceforth victory depends on you; we want her; she will give us abundance of good winter-quarters, and a quiet return to our country. Behave yourselves as at Ansterlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, at Smolensko; and let the remotest posterity quote your conduct on this day, and let it be said of you, 'He was at that great battle under the walls of Moscow.'"

"The acclamations redoubled, the troops were incessantly demanding to fight, the action soon began.

"The wings were composed of Italians and Poles: Napoleon acted on the left of the enemy's masses. Beyond this we had no precise information; women, children, old people, cattle, all had disappeared; there was not a person left who could give us the least information. Ney marched towards the enemy, and broke through them with that force, that impetuosity, of which he had given so many proofs. We carried the three redoubts which supported the enemy. He came up with fresh troops; confusion began in our ranks; we gave up two of these works; the last even was in danger. The Russians already crowned the crest of the ditches. The King of Naples sees the danger, dies to the spot, alights from his horse, enters, mounts the parapet; he calls and animates the soldiers. The redoubt is strengthened, the fire becomes terrible, the assailants dare not try the assault. Some squadron appear; Murat mounts his horse, charges, routs the columns scattered over the plain. We retake the intrenchments, and finally establish ourselves in them. This trait of boldness decided the fate of the day.

"General Compans had just been wounded; I went to take the command of his division. It made a part of the corps d'armée of Marshal Davoust. It had already taken one of the intrenched positions of the enemy; it had also suffered much. I consulted, on my arrival, with Marshal Ney, whose right I supported. Our troops were in confusion, we rallied them, we rushed headlong on the Russians, we made them expiate their success. Neither discharges of cannon nor musquetry could stop us. The infantry, the cavalry, charged with fury from one extremity of the line to the other. I had never before seen such carnage. We had inclined too much towards the right; the King of Naples remained alone, exposed to the havoc of the batteries of Seminskoe. He had nothing but cavalry; a deep ravine separated him from the village: it was not easy to take it, but it

was necessary to do so under pain of being swept away by the grape-shot. General Belliard, who only perceives a screen of light cavalry, conceives the design of driving it off and moving by the left on the redoubt. 'Run to Latour Maubourg,' Murat said to him; 'tell him to take a brigade of French and Saxon cuirassiers, to pass the ravine, to put all to the sword, to arrive at full gallop at the back of the redoubt, and to spike all the cannon. If he should fail, let him return in the same direction. You shall place a battery of forty pieces of cannon and a part of the reserve to protect the retreat.' Latour Maubourg put himself in movement, routed, dispersed the Russians, and made himself master of the works. Friant came up to occupy them. All the reserve passed, and established itself on the left of the village. There remained a last retrenchment, which took us in flank and commanded our position. The reserve had taken one, it thought that it could take another. Caulincourt advanced, and spread far and wide confusion and death. He falls suddenly on the redoubt, and gets possession of it. A soldier hidden in an embrasure stretched him dead. He slept the sleep of the brave; he was not a witness of our disasters.

"Every thing was in flight; the fire had ceased, the carnage had paused. General Belliard went to reconnoitre a wood situated at some distance. He perceived the road which converged on us; it was covered with troops and convoys, which were retreating. If they had been intercepted, all the right of the enemy's army had been taken in the segment in which it was placed. He came and informed Murat of it. 'Run and give an account of it to the Emperor,' said the Prince. He went, but Napoleon did not think the moment came. 'I do not see sufficiently clear on my chess-board; I expect news from Poniatowski. Return, examine, come back.' The General returned, indeed, but it was too late. The Russian guard was advancing; infantry, cavalry, all were coming up to renew the attack. The General had only time to collect a few pieces of cannon. 'Grape-shot, grape-shot, and nothing but grape-shot,' he said to the artillerymen. The firing began; its effect was terrible; in one instant the ground was covered with dead. The shattered column was dissipated like a shadow. It did not fire one shot. Its artillery arrived a few moments after; we got possession of it. The battle was gained, but the firing was still terrible. The balls and shots were pouring down by my side. In the space of one hour I was struck four times, first with two shots rather slightly, then with a bullet on the left arm, which carried away the sleeve of my coat and shirt close to the skin. I was then at the head of the sixty-first regiment, which I had known in Upper Egypt. There were a few officers present who were there; it was rather singular to meet here. I soon received a fourth wound; a ball struck me on my left hip and threw me headlong from my horse—it was the twenty-second. I was obliged to quit the field of battle; I informed Marshal Ney of it, his troops were mixed with mine.

"General Dessaix, the only general of that division who was not wounded, succeeded me; a moment after he had his arm broken; Friant was not wounded till afterwards.

"I was dressed by the surgeon of Napoleon, who also came himself to visit me. 'Is it, then, always your turn? How are things going on?' 'Sir, I believe that you

will be obliged to make your guard charge.' 'I shall take good care not to do so. I do not wish to see it destroyed. I am sure to gain the battle without its taking a part.' It did not charge in effect, with the exception of thirty pieces of cannon, which did wonders.

"The day ended; fifty thousand men lay on the field of battle. A multitude of generals were killed and wounded: we had forty disabled. We made some prisoners, took some pieces of cannon: this result did not compensate for the losses which it had cost us."

General Rapp proceeds to describe the entrance into Moscow, and its conflagration. Amidst all the horrors of those scenes there is a little touch of human feeling which would be quite refreshing, could we forget that it was exhibited by one who had shown himself utterly reckless of human life and happiness:

"I began to be able to walk; on the 13th I went to the palace: Napoleon asked with kindness in what state my wounds were, how I was going on. He showed me the portrait of the King of Rome, which he had received at the moment we were going to begin the battle of the Moskowa. He had shown it to most of the Generals. I had to carry orders; the battle began; we had other things to attend to. He wished now to make me amends; he looked for the medallion, and observed, with a satisfaction which betrayed itself in his eyes:—'Myson is the finest child in France.'"

The miseries of the retreat of the French army from Russia are known to every one. The following are fragments of General Rapp's account of them:

"The cold, the privations, were extreme; the hour of disasters had come on us! We found our wounded lying dead on the road, and the Russians waiting for us at Viasna. At the sight of these columns the soldiers collected a remnant of energy, fell upon them, and defeated them. But we were harassed by troops animated by abundance, and by hope of plunder. At every step we were obliged to halt, and fight; we slackened our march over a wasted country, which we should have gone over with the greatest rapidity. Cold, hunger, the Cossacks,—every scourge was let loose upon us. The army was sinking under the weight of its misfortunes; the road was strewn with the dead: our sufferings exceeded imagination. How many sick and wounded generals did I meet in this terrible retreat, whom I believed that I should never again see! Of this number was General Friant, whose wounds were still open; General Durosnel, who travelled with a nervous fever, almost continually delirious; and the brave General Belliard, who was wounded by a gun-shot, in the battle of the Moskowa. . . .

"A part of the infantry crossed over (the Borysthenes,) the remainder bivouacked in a little wood, on the bank where we were. We were engaged all night in getting the cannon across. The last was on the ascent, when the enemy appeared. They attacked immediately, with considerable masses; we received their charges without being shaken; but our end was attained: we had no object in fighting; we retreated. We left behind a few hundreds of men, whom wounds and exhaustion had put out of a condition to follow. Poor creatures! they complained, they groaned, and called for death; it was a heart-rending sight; but what could we do. Every one was bending under the burden of life, and supported it with difficulty; no one had sufficient strength to share

it with others. The Russians pursued us, they wished to pass by main force. Ney received them with that vigour, that impetuosity, which he always displayed in his attacks: they were repulsed, and the bridge became a prey to the flames. The firing ceased, we withdrew during the night. I joined Napoleon at Smolensko the day after the next in the evening. He knew that a ball had grazed my head, and that another had killed my horse; he observed to me: 'You may be at ease now, you will not be killed this campaign.'—'I hope that your Majesty may not be deceived; but you often gave the same assurance to poor Lannes, who nevertheless was killed.'—'No! no! you will not be killed.'—'I believe it; but I may be still frozen to death.' . . .

"Napoleon marched on foot at the head of his guard, and often talked of Ney; he called to mind his *coup d'état*, so accurate and true, his courage proof against every thing, in short all the qualities which made him so brilliant on the field of battle.—'He is lost. Well! I have three hundred millions in the Tuileries, I would give them if he were restored to me.'—He fixed his headquarters at Dombrowna. He lodged with a Russian lady who had the courage not to abandon her house. I was on duty that day: the Emperor sent for me towards one o'clock in the morning; he was very much dejected; it was difficult for him not to be so; the scene was frightful. He observed to me, 'My affairs are going on very badly; these poor soldiers rend my heart; I cannot, however, relieve them.'—There was a cry of 'To arms!'—Firing was heard; every thing was in an uproar. 'Go, see what it is,' Napoleon said to me with the greatest *sang froid*; 'I am sure that they are some rogues of Cossacks who want to hinder us from sleeping.' It was in reality a false alarm. . . .

"Napoleon despaired of ever seeing the rear-guard. Neither did we see any more the Russian infantry; it was probable that they had taken some position: they ought to have let nothing escape. The next day we pushed on two leagues farther; we halted in a wretched hamlet. It was there that the Emperor learnt, towards the evening, of Ney's arrival, and his having joined the fourth corps. It may be easily conceived what joy he experienced, and in what manner he received the Marshal on the next day. . . .

A detail is given of the sufferings of the remnant of the French troops which reached Dantzic, and employed themselves with extraordinary devotion and zeal to strengthen the fortifications of the place. The Allies, according to General Rapp, instead of seconding the elements, which were fighting for them, wasted their time in miserable intrigues, and in issuing proclamations to the magistracy, the inhabitants, and the soldiers. At length the allied troops besieged the place, and received a check.

But we must pass rapidly over the remainder of these Memoirs. The author narrates, at great length and with much animation, the desperate defence of Dantzic by the French troops under his command, and his subsequent disasters. On the restoration of Louis 18th, General Rapp was taken into the French king's service. With what fidelity he conducted himself we know not, nor have we the means of ascertaining the accuracy of his statements on that point. After the return of Buonaparte from Elba, General Rapp again attached himself to his fortunes, and

was subsequently sent by him to Alsace. For the manner in which, after the battle of Waterloo and the flight of Buonaparte, he there attempted to maintain himself, we must refer to the Memoirs themselves. We cannot close our notice of the work without remarking the great confusion which is created in many of the details by the total absence of all dates.

Points of Humour. Illustrated by a Series of Plates from Designs by George Cruikshank. Large 8vo. pp. 48. London 1823. C. Baldwin.

This humorous publication has not yet, we think, appeared in our list as absolutely issued from the press, but we presume, on having received a copy, that it is immediately forthcoming. Impressed with the wide-spreading mischief which the dissemination of Tom and Jerry blackguardism has occasioned, we are yet not afraid to separate this production from that class, and to say something in favour of its execution. It is true that its humour is somewhat low, but it has no tendency to degrade imitative noblemen and gentlemen into scamps; convert quiet lawyers' clerks and timid shopkeepers' prentices into bold watch-assaulting ruffians; and turn manners, language, decency, and good order out of their proper places, making society a disgusting tumult, and common life a scene of despicable ribaldry.

The scope of the design has been to afford Mr. Cruikshank an opportunity of embodying drollery and character by his clever pencil. For this purpose several well-known stories are briefly put together, and these the artist has illustrated in ten copperplate and eight wood engravings; the greater number being from Burns's "Jolly Beggars." We have a high opinion of Mr. Cruikshank in this way. He is very different from Gillray, North, Rowlandson, and other worthies of caricature; but his own manner is often very happy, and always amusing. It is advantageously exhibited here. An American anecdote of a Captain accused of cowardice, lighting a grenade in a room to prove that he was the bravest of the company, is rather crowded; but its successor, of two figures, is full of as much fun as decorum would sanction in the rather coarse tale. Frederick the Great and the young Prince demanding his Shuttlecock, "Yes or no?" has much character; and the Miller and his faithless Wife, with her Lover'squire in the clock-case, is capably done in all its appendages. Those addressed to Burns's Cantata partake of the spirit of their original; but as we cannot transfer the proofs to our page, we must be satisfied with saying, that the lovers of humorous art (we cannot add the advocates for the strictest delicacy and propriety) will find much to amuse them in this work.

Comparison of the English and the Russian Power, as affecting Europe: followed by a View of the State of Greece. By M. De Pradt, late Archbishop of Malines. Paris 1823.

[From the *Revue Encyclopédique*.]

An epoch as productive of events as that in which we live, ought to have an historian who undertakes to accompany the march of time, to study facts, and to foresee their results. M. de Pradt has imposed on himself this task, and every honest man will confess that he has seldom been mistaken in his conjectures. How many politicians of narrow views exclaimed against what the late Arch-

bishop of Malines said with respect to the general emancipation of America! And yet, very few years elapsed before M. de Pradt's prediction was fully realized. The same publicist has watched over the Congresses in which the European Monarchs have sought the means of raising barriers against the torrent of what are called "new ideas." It must be referred to time to determine if the advice which he thought it his duty to give them was founded on a just experience, and on a clear-sighted view of the events which press around us. At present, M. de Pradt, in the work which we have announced, establishes a fact which could not escape him; namely, the singular position of Europe, placed between two influences so opposite as that of England and that of Russia. The first of those states has only a very limited population; and yet it retains under its dominion the immense empire of India, the seas are covered with its vessels, its factories are in every region to which man has penetrated, its credit is unbounded; in a word, England appears to enjoy the greatest prosperity to which a nation can attain. With such means in its power, it is easy to see that England must exercise a considerable influence on other governments, especially since its arrival at the object which it proposed to itself, that of overthrowing the man whose genius, no one can deny, had given to its rival a preponderance in Europe. There can be no doubt that England would not have succeeded in that enterprise, if the prosperity of France had rested on its institutions, instead of having been placed in the hands of its chief. Fortune never continues long to favour the same man; while the happiness which a people derive from their institutions is almost always of extensive duration. Such was the origin of the advantage of England over France; and it would be difficult to express this truth more clearly than it has been expressed by M. de Pradt, in the work of which we are treating:

"As a Frenchman, I ask with grief, (says he), if, when France was in the place, in America and in Asia, in which we now see England, she had enjoyed institutions as favourable to her public interests, we should at the present day have seen England in the place of France? No; doubtless. Nothing was wanting to preserve and to consolidate what she had acquired; she had skilful sailors, she had brave and numerous troops;—nothing was wanting but that which gives life to every thing—institutions. With them, there is an end to distraction, to dreams, to caprice. The sentinel, public opinion, is always on duty, and to him every actor is responsible, and every act must be satisfactory. But, when every thing takes place in the retirement of cabinets, among a few human beings, in the absence and in the silence of the people who are interested, there is no longer any consecutive plan; the whole assumes a temporary and personal character. Authority answers to every thing and for every thing, it covers every thing; and a state passes without the means of preservation from the highest to the lowest condition, leaving to its enemies all those advantages which it ought to retain for itself. If the Revolution had not happened so late, France would still be reigning in Asia and in America, in the place of England; because, with similar institutions, she would have had all that has rendered the empire she has lost valuable to England. That loss would never have occurred; the force of the

public interests would have given to the Government a direction which would have preserved the nation from such an evil. Let those who feel so much pleasure in addressing to the Revolution reproaches which ought to fall not upon its essence, but only on some of its acts, learn from that reflection how much its delay has cost France, and moderate the warmth of their criminations. Montesquieu has said, that there exists in every nation latent vices and virtues which decide its destiny. France, superior to England in many respects, would not have remained inferior to her in power, had she not been inferior to her in institutions. Fate has so willed it; and the event does not require any critical explanation, but simply the recollection of the singular historical fact, that Chatham governed England while Madame Pompadour governed those who governed France. It was manifest that England under such circumstances must gain India and America, and that France must lose them."

After having shown the great preponderance of England, the author examines what she ought to do to preserve it; and he thinks that three points may be considered as the foundations of British policy. First, the maintenance of peace on the Continent; secondly, the defence of social principles and public independence throughout the world; and thirdly, a constant opposition to every power capable of oppressing the Continent. The principal efforts of England must alone be directed towards this third point; namely, to counteract by every means which she possesses the influence of Russia. There the scene changes. It is no longer a people shut up in a small island, controlling by the vigour of national spirit, of commerce, of industry, the destiny of other countries;—we have before us an immense extent of territory equivalent to a seventh part of the globe. This vast state is bounded on the north by the Pole, on the east by the Chinese wall, on the west by Austria and Prussia, on the south by the mountains and seas of Asia, Caucasus, the Black Sea, and the Danube. The population of Russia amounts to fifty millions; and at the present moment she has a million of men in arms. It is not surprising, therefore, to find her reckoned among the small number of states that possess an influence over the fate of other nations; and a great interest is naturally excited to know the system of policy which she has embraced. M. de Pradt thinks the influence of Russia much more dangerous than that of England. Really, how is it possible to oppose the designs of a power which can support those designs by innumerable armies, capable of utterly destroying the nations which they attack? We are unable to follow the author through his conjectures, and the advice which he addresses both to the Monarchs and to the people of Europe.—The conclusion of the work consists of a view of the state of Greece. The Greek revolution is one of the most remarkable events of the present age, and of course it cannot but attract the attention of M. de Pradt. This learned publicist has principally applied himself to examine the conduct of the European cabinets with respect to the emancipation of the Greeks. Above all, three powers, Russia, Austria, and England, have appeared to be induced, by various motives, to watch the progress of the Greek revolution. Nevertheless, they have not hitherto taken any decided part with regard to it. The Greeks will one day have cause

to bless this neutrality of the European cabinets. They will owe their deliverance only to themselves; and posterity will pronounce that they were worthy of their ancestors. Their example will show what can be effected by patriotism and the love of liberty. Yet a little while, and the world will feel how much it is indebted to the emancipation of the Greeks.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

QUINTESSENCE OF COCKNEYISM.

MR. EDITOR,—I have perused most devoutly and *bachelorly* "The Loves of the Angels," and "Heaven and Earth," and many other *superlinoquentious** productions of the same "Acabit," and, soon fired up (like a Vauxhall sky-rocket whizzing around the flying garments of Madame Sacchi) into sublimity of thoughts, splendour of descriptions, and something approaching to ethereal madness, I could think, speak, or write of nothing except love, courting, and marriage—a pretty plight indeed for a man who has crossed over the sunshine of life! I tried at first many other topics; but, like Anacreon's lyre, every string of my heart, every fibre in my brain, responded to no other sound but *Love*. However, finding my poor self hardly three inches this side of a strait-waistcoat, and an incipient Bedlamite, I concluded very syllogistically that *Love* should be the theme of my obstinate Muse. Accordingly I sat down earnestly to work, on a Sunday after dinner, with no other witnesses or company in view than my pint of wine, some figs, oranges, and apples; besides a large favourite tom-cat, purring, under the table, his "anti-angelic" love to a prim and unconquerable tabby, who rejected his grimalkinish addresses with all earthly swearings imaginable. This sort of "*fellylno*" (*felis ululatus*) did not disturb me in the least; and, like the French dramatist, Crébillon, who wrote his gloomy and frightful tragedies among wolves, bears, mountain-cats, and other wild inspirators whom he kept for the purpose, I went on smoothly with my scheme, and have now the happiness to inform you that I have just closed the 23d canto of my "Loves."

Although my heroes and heroines are "*cis-mubians*" *citra nubes*, you will admit, I trust, that I have not selected low and despicable subjects,—the following being the title of my *Urano-geo-panto-graphic* composition:

"The Loves of the Man of Brass in Hyde-park with the Main Fly-wheel of the Chelsea Water-works; and of the Monument on Fish-street-hill with the "Patent Shot" Tower on the other side of the Thames; besides several other innocent "Loves" which are of no inferior interest. Printed, for the Benefit of Bastard Children, by eminent Typographers in *Love* and *Petticoat* Lanes.

My grandmother, God bless her—for she was neither a poetess; nor a prophetess, but as plain and sensible a soul as ever was confined in stiff stay-maker's works and highly-starched cambric in the world—she used to say over and over again to me, that

* *Superlinoquentieux*, (Fr.) extravagantly, nice, ultra elegant. [*Super elegans*—per elegans, Lat.] Never used but jocosely.

† A kicking up a row; a lark (Slang.) My etymon may be right.

‡ "A she poet" (Johnson) as we say "a she cat!" But I take the word to be of Libermanian growth.

"one cannot thrive in our days, unless he follows closely the steps of his betters." An enthusiastic admirer of our modern Poesies, I could not mistake them for my "betters;" and following their notorious examples, I discarded at once all the shackles of exactness in metres, of strictness in rhymes; all the harmony of accentual coincidences, and the venerable rules of grammatical lore. My comparisons I drew from all sorts of out-of-the-way subjects; and as for the hosts and battalions of epithets which I mustered, in my "free and easy" lines, as most useful auxiliaries, I seldom cared whether or not they were aptly conjoined with their substantives. Repetitions of sentences, without need; monosyllables insulated and trembling on the last foot or extreme verge of a thundering pentameter; the oblique more and knightly scamping (chess-board) of parts of a metrical verse upon the following sufferer—"loaded with a burthen not his own"—all these I learned, adopted, and shone with, like the jack-daw of the fable, from my "betters." In fact, to wind up my poetical confession, I boldly clothed the most barefaced nonsense in high rapturing expressions, and never was more delighted than when I could not understand what I had written, leaving the amusing task and pleasing trouble of unravelling the mysterious clew for the martyrdom of my benevolent readers.

Blank verse compositions have been impudently compared by a wag to "an old counterpane breeding bugs and fleas." I cannot exactly find out the correlation of the simile; and yet I must confess, that the marvellous trash we daily meet in this easy sort of writing, does, "entre nous," Mr. Editor, somewhat justify the comically bold assertion. Waller, Addison, Cowley, Dryden, Pope, Prior, and many other "ci-devant" worthies of the Augustan age of British literature, justly admired and praised the empyreal style of Shakespeare and Milton; but as they had not their fearful lips sanctified by the "burning coal" of transcendent enthusiasm, they slavishly submitted to undergo the drudgery and misery of strictly measured and correctly rhymed poetry. They fared well enough, however, in their humbler calling, and their works will, nevertheless, shine as fixed stars of second magnitude through the ever-revolving circles of succeeding ages. I must allow, by the bye, that Pegasus is a whimsical steed, and not fit to be ridden by every body. Let the reins fly slack upon his neck, the celestial hobby wanders about till he runs, prances, capers himself mad in his unrestrained flight. But when skillfully directed, through the wide range of his excursions, by a Persens, he either lets free beauty and innocence with Andromeda, or puts an end to horrid deeds by the destruction of the Gorgon. Thus, through the thick veil of allegory, some people pretend to ascertain the difference between "prose run mad" and rational poetry. But all this is mere and idle gossiping. Now to the point.

The beginning of my Poem is simple and, I hope, intelligible to all well-informed readers, since, conformably to the rules set down by the old cronies, Aristotle, Horace, &c. I start plainly and unsophistically thus:

A man of brass,
Near Rotten-row,
Or Hyde-park, noble place,
Once loved a lass
In Chelsea-row,
Though he ne'er saw her face.

Thus Tentavi, the foremost in the chase,
Doats on the voice of Tally-ho.

'Twas when the Dandies were in prime,
When the white trowsers had begun,—

And so forth, till we come to a most minute description of the wonderful casting of the brass-man in the founder's workshop, in which (description, not shop) you will find the following lines:

— — — So that it made
Friend Westinacott and all his Vulcan crew
Turn as pale as a maid

Who, sitting in a Sunday pew

When the marriage-new-pother is read,

Bites fast her quivering lips

Till her soul's lost into ecstacy.

The Anapaestic, the Iambic, and, god Apollo knows what, other measures, are freely adopted here; but it reads on tolerably well. We proceed.

The lovers stand at a distance from each other, and, worst of all, are "constitutionally" deprived of loco-motion. Then I say:

All this they bear, but, not less,

Have moments rich in happiness!

What raptures when the fog is fled

From fat pigs-sty or vaccine shed!

The curls of smoke from Chelsea rise *

And meet the gale of Brass-man sighs,

Where Nature knows no night's delay,

But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,

At a halfpenny gate in the skies.

The "threshold of the skies," and "mid-air" of Moore, or the "midmost air" of Beddoes, are thousand miles this side of my "halfpenny hatch" in the clouds. Here I soar sublime—and have honestly paid the toll at all the turnpikes on the road.

Now, Mr. Editor, for a speech addressed by the Man of brass, on a dusty summer-evening, to the crowd which surrounds, in a state of gaping wonderment, his glossy limbs refracting the last rays of the setting sun, glancing from behind the stately trees of Kensington Gardens. The Brass-man bawls out:

Oh! men, my fellow beings, who—who—who!

Shall weep above your universal grave?

Not I.—Who shall be left to weep? No tears

Can ever drop from brazen eyes, [skies!]

None, save the rainy pearls they borrow from the

Alas! what am I better than ye are

That I must live beyond ye?

These two last lines are desperately prosaic, and vulgar too; but

Quandoque bonus dormitat.—Asellus.

The Brass-preacher and lover goes on, holding forth to the giddy multitude, who cares no more about his "love" than I do for Tom and Jerry. He spouts, with brazen lungs,—

—Shall you exulting peak

(O'er-looking proudly Chelsea-creek,

And wooden bridge of Battersea.)

Whose glittering top is like a distant star,

Or Bristol gem or any bit of spar,

Lies low beneath her boiler's safety valves,

(While you look foolish like a drove of calves)

* I might have said, "which rise, rise, rise" (Heaven and Earth,) in the Cock-nuts (nunny) style; but I am no plagiarist, I only indulge in reminiscences from my masters' works.

† I know a very respectable tradesman of that name in the carving and gilding line. Mr. Day has the daily good fortune, as he says, of receiving friendly visits from Christ, who calls upon him, and talks with him as familiarly as any of his neighbours. This bridegroom, Mr. Day, lives not a quarter of a mile from the New Bedlam, as the reader may easily surmise.

No more to have the morning smoke break forth
Through gentle breezes from the East or North,
And scatter back the mists in floating folds
From her tremendous brow? No more to have
Day's broad orb shine behind her head at noon,
Leaving it with a crown (five shillings' worth) of
No more to be the beacon of the beat [Aue],

For watchmen bold to rattle, and to find the spot
Nearest the thieves? and can those words, no more,
Be meant for all, for all things use for me,

For me the ladies bidding? May,

June, July, August and September, all

The creeping months are reckoned day by day

And night by night, all numbered days and nights;

Days and nights; bring us lights

In these darksome days and nights.

But when he comes to the fall of the Chelsea water-works, my hero exclaims:

— — — how much

Breath will be stilled at once! all bounteous wheel

So fleet, so whirling in thy motions! I

K. L. M. N. O. mourn oh! oh!

For the Maid of Chelsea-row—

How! How! &c. &c.

But, Mr. Editor, whenever you read my highly-wrought description of the far-famed Serpentine River, of which my "sans colotte" Brass-hero cannot get the least retrospective glimpse,* you will certainly style it one of the most undantedly puffed-up specimens of poetry you ever stared at in your life. Oh! it is "passing fair;" transcendent; it beats every thing. The following apostrophe, for instance, may give you some idea of its sublimity:

Nayad!

From thy grotto!

Whatever shell contains thy glory

In the depths of the river,

Where Serpents dire, but never seen

Through space full hoary with reeds,

And other weeds,

Sport in delight—and yet not seen,

No, never seen

Neither blue nor green!

Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds me dear!

And though she nothing is to thee

Yet think that thou art all to her!

From thee, from thy most kind supply

Her boiler's filled—the piston darts,

Her circling motion starts,

And fleecy rolls of smoke proclaim on high

The "loves" of She and I.

The "finale" of this eccentrically beautiful address I must keep "in pickle" a little longer before publication. "En attendant" I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

Jan. 23, 1823.

A BACHELOR.

* And so much the better for him; for soon "Achilles" would mistake the nymph for "Briseis," fall in love with her, and sink into her liquid arms with a tremendous splash:

— — — As rapid skaters do,

Or rapid, vapouring, virgin, who, who! who!

Leave on the bank a bonnet, hat, or shoe,

When crossed in love.

† A most harmonious alliteration, not to be equalled by any one, except "Better thus than that he should weep for me." Vide Heaven and Earth, for both.

‡ See, gentle reader, how closely I follow the steps of my masters! How contemptuously I look down upon grammatical rules, the barbarous invention of which fetters genius, and makes the heavenly heat of the soul "evaporate" into flimsy constructions like those of many unappreciated authors, viz. Homer, Virgil, Horace, Dryden, Pope, &c. This "evaporation of genius" reminds me of the following characteristic "trait" of the late Duke of Portland's cook, (a

Frenchman, of course, who having waited long at Bulstrode House for the arrival of his Grace and his company, and sadly distressed at the melancholy sight of his numerous and curious dishes, made up, and warmed, and warmed up again to no sort of purpose, took at last the liberty of addressing his noble master in the following words: "Monseigneur, Je suis ici à ne rien faire. Considérez donc, s'il vous plaît, que dans ce cas, le talent du cuisinier s'affaiblit, son art se perd, et son génie s'évapore." There are many points of comparison between a cockney-versifier and a French cook, which will be brought out at a proper time. The high-reasoned *salni-panda* of Byron; the medley *miroton* of L. Hunt; and even the *blanc manger* and *cufs à la neige* of Moore, with all the *à-ra-d'aures* and *entrées* of other chiefs or imitators of the Satanic and Pisan "cuisine," will be, some day, properly *dished* for the relish and taste of your intelligent readers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AFRICA: CAPTAIN OWEN'S EXPEDITION.

We have been favoured with the sight of a letter from an Officer on board the *Severn*, the flag ship of the little squadron which was fitted out in the spring of last year, under the command of Captain William Owen, to survey the East coast of Africa. The letter is dated St. Mary's, East Coast of Madagascar, end of December 1822. The *Severn*, and the Cockburn, Tender, left Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, early in September, and arrived at Algoa Bay in the middle of the month; sailed again in three days, and reached Delagoa Bay at the end of the month, when they were joined by the *Barraconta*, which had been left behind at the Cape. Boats were manned to explore English River, the most considerable of three which fall into Delagoa Bay. While engaged in this service, one of the boats was attacked and nearly destroyed by a Hippopotamus. The crew however succeeded in reaching the shore without loss, and the whole party encamped for the night. About midnight a fierce attack was made on them by a body of nearly 800 natives, who were however soon repulsed, and the only casualty was one of the *Severn's* men being wounded. After an absence of ten days the boats returned to the ships, where a deadly fever soon began to prevail, which in a short time swept off 37 of the crews of the three ships, among whom were Captain Leclimere and many other valuable officers. As soon as the fever showed itself, Captain Owen sailed for Madagascar, and by the time he had reached St. Mary's the contagion had ceased. Preparations were making, at the departure of the letter, for renewing the survey; and as the unhealthy reason was past, hopes of better success were entertained.

LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

OXFORD, May 31.—Wednesday last the following gentlemen were admitted to Degrees: *Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. R. Waldo Sibthorpe, Fellow of Magd. Coll., Grand Compounder. *Masters of Arts*.—W. Sarsfield R. Cockburn, Esq. Exeter Coll.; Rev. J. Hurt Barber, Wadnam Coll.; Rev. J. Pritchard, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. Pelly Parker, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Herbert Noyes, Esq. Ch. Ch. Grand Compounder; H. W. Robinson Michell, Trinity Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, May 30.—At a Congregation on Saturday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Lord Dudley Courts

Stuart, Christ College, brother of the Marquis of Bute; Rev. Sir R. M. La Fleming, Bart. Trinity Hall.

June 6.—The Regius Professorship of Greek is now vacant by the resignation of the Very Rev. J. H. Monk, D.D. Dean of Peterborough.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

St. Petersburg.—In a late sitting of the Society of the Amateurs of Russian Literature, under the presidency of M. Procopovitch-Antonsky, and in the presence of M. Douitrief and of Prince Dolgoronky, honorary members, M. Zagoskin, a recently elected member, returned thanks to the Society in a speech in which he briefly described the progress of the Russian drama, and the transfer of the tragic and comic characters of one people to another. M. Masslof afterwards read an imitation of one of David's Psalms, by Chatrof; M. Merzilarof, his Dissertation on the manner of analysing Literary Productions; M. Novikof, a Poem of Prince Dolgoronky's, called "Reflections of an old Man on Sunset;" M. Netchaef, a Poem called "Spring;" M. Pissaref, a Fragment in verse, called "The Banks of the Don;" M. Makarof, "Ilmène," a tale; M. Vasil Pouchkin, a translation of an Ode of Horace to Melpomene, by Kapriste, an honorary member; M. Novikof, an Elegy; M. Netchaef, a Letter from Pissaref to Mich. Douitrief; and M. Vasil Pouchkin a Fable. M. Philimonof, an active member, has presented two volumes of his works to the library of the Society.

COLUMBUS.

HAVING mentioned the intended publication of some inedited documents relative to Columbus, our readers, we think, will be interested by the following extract from the last number of Baron Von Zach's "Correspondence Astronomique:—"

"Whatever relates to the celebrated discoverer of the New World cannot fail of a good reception, and must excite interest not only in Genoa, his native city, Italy, his cradle, and Enrope, his home, but in both hemispheres, one of which, in a certain sense, owes its existence to him.

"But what can be said of Christopher Columbus, the great navigator, which has not been already in all tongues and languages, from pole to pole? Much, it is true, has already been said, and it was thought that every thing had been said; whereas, in fact, there remains much that has been concealed, forgotten, or neglected, and thus has never come to the knowledge of the public.

"There are then really documents, hitherto unknown and inedited, respecting the great man and his immortal discovery, which are now to be published? This will really be done very soon, to the astonishment, and doubtless to the great joy, of the learned in his native city, Genoa. These papers have hitherto remained unknown to historians. They will dispel many errors, solve many doubts, and throw new light on one of the most important events in the history of mankind. Here will be no bold suppositions, arbitrary conjectures, and national prejudices, brought forward; facts alone will speak, and the truth shine in full lustre.

"The Collection appears by order of the magistrates of the city of Genoa, and it will bear the following title:

"Codice diplomatico Colombo-Americano, ossia Raccolta di documenti originali e inediti spellanti a Cristoforo Colombo, cella

scoperla ed al governo dell' America, pubblicato per ordine degli Illustrissimi Decurioni della città di Genova.

"The editing of the work is confided to a worthy and well-informed man, who will prefix to the Documents an historical and critical Introduction.

The following are the contents of this *Colombo-American Codex*: The agreements made between the Spanish monarchs and Columbus; the privileges conferred on him and his family; the subsidies granted him for promoting the population and colonization of the newly discovered countries; the written orders issued by the Spanish Cabinet to the Royal Authorities in the new worlds; the accusations and complaints made against Columbus; the violation of the right granted to him, and the new promises made to him after his innocence was proved; the Bull of Alexander VI.; three Memorials, composed by Columbus himself, in justification of his conduct, and in defence of his honour; two letters in his own handwriting, addressed to one of his fellow-citizens at Genoa, of the family of Oderico; the answer given to him by the Magistracy of St. George in Genoa, &c.

All these documents are to be printed in the original Spanish, with diplomatic accuracy, and with the orthography unchanged, with a literal Italian translation on the opposite page.

The work will be printed in a quarto volume, with a degree of typographical splendour suitable to its importance. It will be enriched with a portrait of Columbus, not a mere ideal, as all those that have hitherto been published, but taken from the marble bust, which is on his monument in the city of Genoa. Two fac-similes of his writing will be given, for the first time, from his original letters to Oderico in Genoa. The work is expected to be published about the middle of the year 1823.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

33. Portrait of Dr. Harrison, M. A. Sher. R.A.—From the Portrait and the Bust are derived the principal means of employment to the Artists of this country; they are the least precarious, and often supply resources for carrying on some more pleasing and more congenial part of the profession: for we are inclined to think that few take up portraiture from the love they bear it. Hence we see, that wherever an opportunity offers, the portrait painter glides into the variety of history, or indulges occasionally in a work of imagination; and at all times endeavours to enrich his portraits with backgrounds of landscape, or such suitable accessories as belong to the character his pencil has portrayed. There are few of our artists who have not availed themselves of these privileged decorations, and by this means rendered the number of portraits that cover the walls of the Exhibition less objectionable than they would otherwise be. There has been much cavilling at the egotism of this display of family groups and individual likenesses; and which would with justice apply to the formality of mere portrait, or to compositions of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, like the family-piece of Dr. Primrose in the Vicar of Wakefield. But we are of opinion that an Exhibition would not only lose its charm of variety, and what is still more essential in a profitable point of

view, its number of visitors, if nothing but history, works of imagination, and landscapes, were there. The many have not yet arrived at a sufficient refinement in art for this, but must look on what they understand and can talk about. Besides which, it is but a just tribute to those who move in an exalted sphere, or have benefited or instructed mankind by their talents in science or literature, to contemplate their features, and express our admiration of their characters. Who, for example, that has been relieved by the skill of Dr. Harrison, but must be gratified to see so perfect a resemblance of him from the hands of the artist? And the same sentiment in like manner extends to many others, as these remarks not only apply to Mr. Shee's production, but to a number of clever pictures, where similar ability has been employed on similar subjects. And we may be pardoned the individual selection we have made, which has led to the observations on the marketable part of our art, as few have distinguished their portraits by more interesting or more appropriate decorations than Mr. Shee.

164. Portraits of Horses, the property of J. Allnutt, Esq. J. Ward, R.A.—What we have had occasion to say on the subject of Portrait, and the interest given by the varieties it introduces, applies equally to Animal painting; the same good sense which at an early period of art threw off the shackles imposed by custom and fostered by bad taste, gave freedom to this class of painting. It was then that Gilpin raised the character of animal painting by the elegance, and we may say sentiment, which he gave to his subjects. Who that has seen his picture of Gulliver and the Houyhnhms, but would be inclined with Swift to place that noble animal the horse upon a higher scale than that of many of its degenerate masters? Along with this excellent group of Ward's, we may quote as an example in a similar way, No. 117, *Travelling Horses*, by A. Cooper, R.A.; and another exquisitely-painted subject of the same kind, No. 280, *Portraits of Hunters*, by E. Landseer, in which the human figures introduced take a natural, easy, but subordinate position. The landscape, and every part of this picture, are in a like beautiful style of execution and careful painting as the two before mentioned.

373. Windsor Castle. S. W. Reynolds, Sen.—If we were disposed to carry to any length the same mode of discussion with regard to Landscape, as we have done in treating of portrait and animal painting, among others we should offer this View of Windsor Castle as an example, with reference to embellished views; but should pause ere we admitted even the improvement as allowable, or indeed sanctioned any interference with the local character of views like this. There is always a sufficient choice for the artist, in the variety of effects seen in nature, to give interest to the most barren prospect, without dressing up the scene in colours too fine to know it by, or of burying it in a chaos of obscurity. Something of which latter observation applies to Mr. Reynolds's performance; but we must, however, at the same time confess he has given so magnificent a character to his subject, that we not only admire the talent here displayed, but are inclined to place his picture in a class with the elevated compositions of Gaspar Poussin, and others of that School.

381. Portrait of Mr. Bewick, the celebrated

Engraver on Wood. J. Ramsay.—This little picture is highly deserving of attention as well as commendation, from the truth and nature it exhibits, as well as from the exquisite pencilling to be seen in its execution. It is a very near approach to the style of D. Teniers.

380. Cavalry on the March; and No. 457, The Cavalier, a Sketch. Sir James Stuart, Bart. H.—It must be highly gratifying to the professors of Painting, when Honorary Exhibitors of such talent as Sir James Stuart appear in their ranks, for on such they may reckon as impartial judges of the merit of art, from their own practice and experience. In the Sketch of the Cavalier we recognise the spirit and enterprise of an adventurous soldier, in a style not unworthy the pencil of Vandyke.

417. Landscape, with Warriors of old Times in England, retired to the Shade of a Mountain Glen to hear the Song of their Minstrel. F. Danby.—This picture is not in a situation to be seen, and the artist must have calculated upon a very powerful light to show it to any advantage. We can however discern sufficient to tell that he has accomplished, with great skill, a very difficult task in the power of effect. He has sacrificed rather too much to the ray of light he has so happily introduced; but we recommend this strict observance of nature in his future works; with less of obscurity, and with the skill he has shown in this performance, he cannot fail to attract attention in any situation.

Erratum.—In our last, on Retrospective Art, for Palace of Fontainebleau, read Peace of Fontainebleau.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—From the interest you take in the progress of the Fine Arts, and the continual mention of them in your paper, I am induced to believe that you may perhaps notice the following paragraph, which forms part of a letter I have received this week from Florence:—

Florence, May 1833.

"This last Exhibition of the Florence Artists has been extremely interesting, and contained some fine productions of Benvenuti and other artists, among whom Wallace the Englishman stands pre-eminent as a landscape painter. The Academy have unanimously elected Mr. Thomas Leverton Donaldson, our countryman, as a member, on account of an interesting composition submitted to them through the Duke's chief architect, the Signor Poccianti. This is the fourth Italian Academy of which he is a member. The design he exhibited was for a Temple to Victory, agreeably to the usages of the Ancients. A description in Italian accompanied the drawings, and explained the various uses of the Stadium Naumachia, Academy, Palestra, Temple, and Theatre; which, with innumerable other edifices, were adapted by the Ancients for the celebration of their games, and employed by him in this composition."

Believe me, Mr. Editor, with every sentiment of esteem for the impartiality and liberal criticism ever displayed in your paper, Your Constant Reader, Z.

INDECENT PICTURES.

A PERSON, signing himself "Geo. Dyson," has addressed a letter to us, through the medium of the Morning Chronicle, touching the remarks which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of the 24th ult. on the Exhibition of M. Reina's Pictures. Like most angry people, the defender of M. Reina's purient

danbs takes a wide field; and he at least tells us news, for he says that most of our critiques on pictures appear to be taken from the daily press—whereas the *Literary Gazette* never took one line of such matter, and the instances adduced by Mr. Dyson have never been seen by its Editor. The unfortunate writer then blunders on about a *Meeting of Artists*, which he calls one of three Galleries of Pictures (we were not aware, before, that living artists, making speeches round a table, were a collection of their own portraits;) and with an honesty, worthy of his cause, adds, "I now proceed to set you right upon a point on which you confess yourself ignorant. You say, 'How the ANCIENT Correggio got that name we are unable to tell;' that is, I presume, you mean to say, that you did not know his real name was Antonio Allegri." Just and candid creature! We did not say what you assert; and instead of ancient you must read, as an erratum, modern: for our words, after stating what Correggio did, and a full stop, are these, "Why or how he got the surname we are unable to tell, but the MODERN Correggio is a very different sort of a painter." If this means the ancient, we can but think that Mr. Dyson's knowledge of the English tongue is equal to his friend's skill in painting. Mr. D. hints, that we may be sore because our pages were not "honoured" with an advertisement which was inserted in other journals, to inform the public that the works of a self-styled Modern Correggio had happily arrived to enlighten British Art, and pick up British shillings and pence. Paltry folks are apt to have paltry ideas; and constant pages of advertisements, which, to avoid exceeding our limited bounds, we are obliged to postpone for weeks, furnish the best reply to the silly supposition.

Finally, Mr. D. says, that many persons of high consideration have visited his Gallery, and expressed their admiration of these trashy pictures: we should doubt the fact were it sworn to by the assessor, and were it possible to believe that any man could utter so palpable a piece of flummery, our opinion must be, that he had just taste and sense enough to be elected a Member of the long-eared Academy of Milan, and truth and honesty enough to be an associate with Master Geo. Dyson.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

An imitation of Lord Byron's *Downfall of Sennacherib*.

Our slavery is finish'd, our labour is done,
Our tasks are relinquish'd, our march is begun:
The arm of the Lord has divided the sea,
And Judah has conquer'd, and Israel is free!

Why stay ye the fast going chariots? and why
Is the far floating banner unlifted on high?
Quick, quick! let the corselet your bosoms embrace,
And harness the coursers and hasten the chase!

Thus Pharaoh has spoke in the storm of his pride,
And roll'd on our footsteps his numberless tide:
The falchions are bright in the hands of the foe,
Their quivers are rattling, and bent is each bow.

As the clouds of the tempest which gloomily frown,
That wide spreading band in the evening comes down;

As the thunder-cloud bursts at the Sun's piercing
That band on the morrow shall vanish away.

Proud Boaster of Egypt! be silent and mourn;
Weep, Daughter of Memphis, thy banner is torn!

In the Temples of Isis be wailing and wo,
For the mighty are fallen, and the Princes laid low.
Their Chieftains are fall'n, though their bows were
still bent;
Their legions have sunk, though their shafts were
The horse and his rider are whelm'd in the sea,
And Judah hath conquer'd, and Israel is free!
J. F. H.

TO *****

'Tis cruel, round love, free given as mine,
To bind with spikes the galling chain;
Where every pulse that throbs in thine,
To bid each pulse-throb beat with pain.
It matters not: this doting heart
To thee is as a baby's toy;
A sport, till, torn all part from part,
You see the motion you destroy.
Then, like the babe, repenting sore,
You'll bawbles sought instead despise,
Weep for what nothing can restore,
And what is lost, for ever, prize.—T****A.

FANCY—MEMORY.

I love to look on the rising Sun
When light and life from his beams are shed;
But better I love, when his race is run,
The glory that circles his golden bed.
Gladly I hail the Spring's return,
When Earth is gay and the Heavens are bright;
But my heart still loves, though my eye may
The fading glow of the Autumn light. [mourn,
Oh! bright as the rays of the rising morn,
And joyous as Earth in the smile of the Spring,
Are the regions through which the spirit is borne
On Fancy's ever unwearied wing.
But the grief-wrought charm of Memory's power
Is far more touching and soul-subduing;
'Tis hallow'd and calm as the sunset hour,
Though mournful as Autumn the yellow leaves
strewing.

Yes! Memory's mirror, though dimm'd by tears,
Must ever be dear to the heart of Feeling,
For its visions recall our happier years, [stealing.
When Time's dull mist o'er their beauty is
May 1823. SIR BEVIS OF HAMPTON.

LINES,

Written upon revisiting the Wye and Tintern Abbey,
after an absence of many years.

When life and hope were young, I dwell
In other worlds, I'm sure:
Nae care I kenn'd,—and oh! I felt
So happy—so secure!
Mine was indeed a world o' bliss,
I ween 'twas little like to this;
Lang syne it was,—those days are flown—
It was a world indeed my own.

Dear, happy, artless hours of youth!
When feeling ne'er was chill'd;
When kindness seem'd so like the truth
My very heart it thrill'd.
Oh! then I kenn'd a world o' bliss,
But little, little like to this;
Lang syne it was,—those days are flown—
It was a world indeed my own.

To doubt I had na then been taught,
Nor dreamt that man deceived;
And woman's lips, with sweetness fraught,
Were lov'd—and aye believed.
Lang syne it was, and time has prov'd
This canna be the world I lov'd;
I now but weep o'er pleasures flown,
O'er worlds which once were all my own.—A. B.

OLD JACOBITE SONG.

Supposed never to have been in print.

[Tune—*Waigs of Fife*.]

My name is Bauldy Frazer, man,
I'm auld an' puir, an' pale an' wan,
I brak my shin an' tint' a han'
Upon Culloden Lee, man.
Our Highland clans were bauld and stout,
An' thought to turn their foes about;
But got that day an' unco rout,
An' o'er the hills did flee, man.
Sic hurly burly ne'er was seen,
Wi' cuffs and bluffs and blin'd een;
Our Highland words, o' metal keen,
Were gleamin' grand to see, man.
The cannon wused in our face,
They brak our banes and reve our claes;
'Twas then we saw our ticklish case
Between the de'il and sea, man.
But Charlie and the brave Lochiel
Were sure that day beside themsel',
To place us in the open fiel'
In the artillery's ee, man;

For had we met wi' Cumberland
'Mang Athol braes or yonder strand,
The bluid o' a' the savage band
Should ha'e dyed the German sea, man.

But down we drapp'd dad for dad;
I thought it would ha'e put me mad
To see sae many a Highland lad
Lie bluiding on the Lee, man.
I thought we once had won the day,
We slash'd their wing 'till it gave way;
Our right side had tint the day,
An' fast awa did flee, man.

When Charlie wi' M'Pherson met,
Like Hay, he thought them back to get,
'We'll turn again an' try them yet,
We'll conquer or we'll dee, man!
But Donald t' jumped o'er the burn,
And swore an aith she ne'er would turn,
Or that she wou'd hae cause to mourn,
Sae o'er the hills did flee, man.

Oh! had you seen the dunt o' death,—
We ran until we tint our breath,
Aye looking back, for fear o' skaith;
Wi' hopeless shining ee, man.
But Britons ever may deplore

That day upon Dremmossie's Muir,
Where thousands welter'd in their gore,
Or hung out o'er a tree, man.
Oh, Cumberland! what meant you then,
To ravage ilka Highland glen?
It was the love we bore to aye—
It was na spite at thee, man.
But you or yours may yet be glad
To trust an honest Highland lad:
Wi' bonnet blue and belted plaid,
He'll stand the last o' three, man.

I'm honest tho' I'm unco puir,
An' forst to beg frae door to door;
For joining in the rebel corps,
There's name will pity me, man.
But wha will Bauldy Frazer wrang,
I made mysel' this canty sang,—
I'll sing it out baith loud an' lang
While I ha'e breath to dree, man.

* Lost.

+ A term for Highlanders. They call every thing,
even themselves, she, except their wives.
‡ Destruction, being cut down by a pursuing enemy.

THE DRAMA, ETC.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Cent per Cent.* This
Farce, which we had understood to be dead
last Saturday, has revived during the week,
and been acted several times with more of

favour than it experienced on the first night.
It is the production of Lord Glengall, and
offers a few scenes of considerable humour;
though as a whole it can hardly hope for suc-
cess. In the way of performing there is every
exertion; and Abbott, Jones, Farren, and
Connor, are a host to ensure applause, if it
be at all attainable.

Miss Macanley on Wednesday last per-
formed an arduous task at the King's Theatre
Concert-Room, and one which requires no
ordinary share of ability, especially when we
recollect that the whole was the effort of a
female mind. She read and recited a his-
trionic delineation of the Character of Mary
Stuart, from her infancy to the Battle of
Langside; the composition entirely her own,
and its delivery eminently effective. The
attendance, we are happy to say, was nu-
merous; and such encouragement was given
to this display of talent as it distinctly de-
serves from a literary and liberal public.

VARIETIES.

There is a volume forthcoming from the
sweet pen of Mrs. Hemans, entitled, "The
Siege of Valencia, with the Last Constan-
tine, and other Poems."

The sum of forty thousand pounds is the
amount wanted this year to begin the build-
ings at the British Museum, for the recep-
tion of the King's Library.

Berlin.—The administration General of the
Post-Office has printed a table of the politi-
cal, literary, and scientific Journals, calcu-
lated to interest the inhabitants of Prussia,
with their respective prices. This table con-
tains 73 German journals, of which 50 belong
to the North, and 23 to the South. By a sin-
gular contrast, this table admits only two for
Austria, while for Prussia it notices 27.
France is down for 31; of which only nine
are published in Paris. It may well be asked,
what are the provincial journals of France
which have thus merited the attention of
Prussia. Are they political? If so, they only
reflect the Parisian journals. Are they liter-
ary? They are only the reports of the Sitzings
of the Academy. The French will, no doubt,
be surprised that 22 provincial journals may
be seen at Berlin, of which the Parisians
know nothing. The same table contains,
14 English journals, 11 of which are printed
at London; 11 Italian; 5 Spanish; 7 Portu-
guese; 9 Belgian; 4 Swedish; 2 Danish; 5 Rus-
sian; 5 Polish; and one Latin, published at
Presburg.

A Wonder.—Christ's Hospital has produced
a miracle almost equal to one of Prince Ho-
henlohe's. A boy of the name of Oldham
(on dit) lost his speech suddenly, and entirely
for eight months, at the end of which period,
to an hour, it returned as suddenly as it had
left him, and he continues to speak as well
as any of even the masters!—*Newspapers.*

Stutgard, 10th April.—It is well known that
for a considerable time past, workmen had
been employed in digging at a place called
Kahlenstein. They have lately discovered
several bones of the Mammoth, of an extra-
ordinary size. Besides a molar tooth, almost
reduced to powder, thirteen feet seven inches
long, without reckoning the cavity of the
tooth, there were several vertebrae and ribs,
a great piece of the hip-bone, another molar
tooth, and several fragments of the occiput.
In the course of this week they have found
the upper bone of the fore foot, the thickest

part of which is a foot in diameter; and a fragment of a molar tooth, seven feet and a half long, and one foot in diameter. All these bones are in a layer of clay mixed with sand, eighteen feet below the upper surface of the mountain, and eighty-two above the level of the river Neckar. They are the largest that have yet been found in Wurtemberg.

Circa Vecchia, March 30.—In the neighbourhood of Corneto, some labourers being at work on the high road, exactly in the place called *Mentorazzi*, the vault of a sepulchre sunk in; it is cut in the rock, and measures eighteen palms in length, ten in breadth, and thirteen in height. There were found in it remains of a dead body, upon a bier, cut out of the same mass with the sepulchre, two long lances, a sword, two shields of metal, with elegant ornaments engraved upon them, but defaced: they are eleven palms in circumference. Round about there were elegant vases of copper and of red terra cotta, some ornamented, and others plain. Taking all together, it appears that the sepulchre must have been that of some illustrious Etruscan warrior of the neighbouring city of Tarquinii, the birthplace of Tarquin King of Rome. It may therefore be about 2500 years old. These antiquities have been carefully collected and preserved by the magistrates of Corneto.

Copacabana, 22d April.—Our last accounts from Ireland, which came down to the middle of March, state, that the winter has been very mild, but that there was much stormy and rainy weather. On Christmas Day, in particular, there was a dreadful hurricane, which blew down several churches and other buildings. The new volcano, *Oefields-Jökelen*, threw up ashes and stones at the new year, but has since only emitted a white smoke. In the middle of February, the Skaptag Jökelen, which did so much mischief in the years 1783 and 1784, after being so long quiet, began to throw up ashes, but did no further damage.

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His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Chair.
Amount of Donations.....£61,222 9 10
Annual Subscriptions.....630 14 0
The total number of applications made to the Society for aid, is.....454 0 0
The total number of Grants made is.....354 0 0
The amount of ditto.....£3,122 0 0

Increased accommodation has been obtained for 30,516 persons, of which there are free and unappropriated sittings for 20,510 persons.

During the last year, 71 applications for assistance have been received, and grants have been made in 46 cases, amounting to £9,443; by the aid of which sum an increase of church accommodation is provided for 13,797 persons. The number of free and unappropriated sittings is 11,114.

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W. JOHNSON RODGER, Sub. Secretary, 32, Lincoln's Inn Fields, May 28, 1833.

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